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NEWSPAPER dispatches about Russia have never been more preposterous and misleading. Lenin is about to take a vacation in Scotland, we read; and before we have finished chuckling at this nonsense, we find a long dispatch from Washington, some solemn-faced official of the State Department interpreting the news with all the free fancy dictated by his credulous and ineffable ignorance. The Helsingfors, Riga, and Budapest correspondents outrival each other in their graphic descriptions of the hungry hordes marching on Moscow, and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* pictures the starving Russians from the lower stretches of the Volga as massing on the Polish frontier. From all this network of imaginative and deliberate fiction we glean a few facts: the Soviet Government is buying food abroad and bringing it into Russia as fast as it can, and it is apparently prepared to meet the consequences of the drought in most of Russia, but there remains a great parched area centered about the lower Volga where famine is already complicated with cholera, and where large-scale foreign relief is an immediate necessity. Labor organizations, here and abroad, are doing their best to help. While the Hoover organization negotiates, we urge our readers to give to the American Friends Service Committee, 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, which is already at work.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS is a man who, in the course of his career as an official propagandist, has given so many proofs of his warm devotion to France that his sorrowful announcement that "there is no longer an entente cordiale between France and Great Britain" warrants especial attention. He understands the tragic position in which France finds herself, forced to choose between a strong Germany that might pay a heavy indemnity and a dismembered weak Germany that could not pay. But many who see that tragic dilemma do not realize that France has already chosen the latter course. Sir Philip is frank: "France," he says, "hasn't the least intention of relinquishing the left bank of the Rhine. She has every intention of handing over the rich industrial districts in Upper Silesia to Poland and so drain Germany of one of her chief sources of wealth and power. She is prepared to see Germany fail in the payment of indemnities and to force her to fail if necessary in order to have a pretext for applying fresh sanctions and breaking up Germany by economic severities." Such a policy, as he realizes, is suicidal for more of Europe than France and Germany; England might sacrifice something of her own advantage but she must oppose a policy which would eventually "relight the flames of hell" for all Europe. George Harvey, who represents America at the present fateful session of the Supreme Council, has in the past been a thick-and-thin defender of France; may his Yankee shrewdness this time show him the part of truer friendship!

OVER Ireland hangs an all but impenetrable mist of silence. Yet some facts are speaking louder than words. The release of every member of the Dail Eireann goes far, indeed, toward meeting the Irish desires. The leaders would not have asked for the convening of the Dail Eireann on August 6 were there serious question as to the terms suggested. As for Ulster, it struggles gamely but not convincingly. Sir James Craig will not meet President de Valera in Dublin but may in London. Very well, let him save his face. But it is said that Premier Smuts on sailing recently for South Africa declared that Ulster must come into line since the home rule now offered to it is far beyond that conferred upon South Africa by the Act of Union. He is not likely to misjudge the situation. After all the great fact is that the situation progresses, that the delay disturbs nobody, and that the God-sent peace continues.

IF history repeats itself anywhere it is in Spanish Africa. Every twenty-five years the natives make a determined effort to get rid of their Spanish overlords against whom they are usually in arms; there are skirmishes, battles, some disasters to Spain's troops, then a mighty effort from Madrid, and peace reigns once more. The present outbreak is quite the most serious since 1893, when the revolt flamed almost to the gates of Melilla and the long-range guns of the cruisers in the harbor were welcome accessories to the defense of 30,000 men. Never does the Spanish soldiery acquit itself well, and usually it is Field Marshal Weyler, now volunteering again in his nineties, who finally saves the situation, as it was saved in 1893 by Field Marshal Martínez Campos. None of the familiar details have been lacking in the present revolt. One garrison of two hundred men has been slain with the exception of nine men who escaped by jumping into the sea. Other outposts have been taken, the army is in retreat to the coast, the fleet is again protecting troops ashore, Melilla is once more in panic, and the Ministry in Madrid is about to fall. It is all about as senseless a proceeding as possible.

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THE wicked Mr. Borah continues to persecute a perfectly well-meaning army. Having successfully led the Senate fight to reduce it to 150,000 (which the War Department said it could not accomplish before October 1 but put through in less than thirty days), the Senator is now for saving between fifty and seventy million dollars by cutting the 150,000 down to 100,000. So many are the applications pending for immediate discharge which could not be granted before the 150,000 mark was reached that 50,000 other soldiers could be returned to civil life within thirty days more. Again Mr. Borah wants to know what on earth those 14,000 American troops are doing in Germany and why there must be no less than 480 officers to command them or about one officer to every 30 men! Is the answer the delights of living in Germany at the present rate of exchange? Well, the War Department has already cut 3,000 off the 14,000 troops. It ought to drop at least 7,000 of the total of 14,000 officers we now have. Mr. Borah has gone on to the navy again and insists that $230,000,000 be saved at once by stopping construction of sixteen battleships which are obsolete today. What a man! What a disturber of traffic!

MAY we let out a secret? At this writing the question whether Congress shall or shall not recess depends upon President Harding, and the President will decide one way or another as soon as it can be ascertained whether one of our largest railroads can get together the funds to tide it over for the next sixty days. If the outlook for this railroad is dubious Congress must remain in session and put through the bill to capitalize the indebtedness of the railroads by lending them $500,000,000 more of the taxpayers' money. Who shall say that economics are not dominating our political life? As for the Fordney tariff, nobody in Washington believes that it will be enacted into law until the snow flies. The tax legislation situation is entirely confused, but it has been decided to relieve the public of half the tax on sporting goods and the taxes on soda water, ice cream, etc.—the best taxes to be removed from the party point of view since everybody will notice their abolition and duly praise the Republicans. Otherwise our legislators are at odds. Some wish the abolition of the excess-profits tax, others fear criticism at home. But the desire for a rest is genuine and Congress needs a vacation.

THE business situation remains dangerous and discouraging. If there are isolated instances of improvement in earnings of railroads and other large corporations, the entire business record for July shows no material gain whatever. In the steel industry all hope of a revival is now postponed for six months which is in itself a startling commentary upon Mr. Gary's and Mr. Schwab's repeated assertions that we are at the end of the depression in iron and steel. First that end was set for March, then May, then August, next October. Now many look for no real change until next April or May. Conditions are still very bad in the automobile industry as is evidenced by a deficit of $1,890,000 in the earnings of the Pierce-Arrow Company in the first half of the year. There has been no change in export condition or in the disastrous situation of our shipping and foreign exchange, which has been weaker than for months past. Perhaps the most significant change is the growing realization of business men that there is to be no sudden recovery and that no one specific remedy will revive trade. Neither a lightening of the tax-burden, nor a tariff bill, nor large donations to the railroads, nor Republican pronouncements that all is well, nor anything else of the kind is going to do the trick. It will be a slow recovery, so slow that all but the strongest companies will be profoundly affected.

HOW, indeed, can American business be expected to pick up, with the whole world still sick? The present depression is a world depression. With the Russian market half-isolated from the world, with the great industrial region of Upper Silesia in steady uproar, with France still pouring her treasure into the maintenance of a larger standing army than she had before the war, how can anyone look for rapid betterment? Germany is working harder than most of Europe, but it is a factitious activity, the profit of which is poured into the sieve of the French indemnity, and is largely due to the abnormally low German exchange. And exchange will fall further still; in the last seven days of June, for instance, the German note circulation jumped 3⅓ billion marks. Such paper issue, lowering the value of the mark, brings foreign orders to Germany, but it raises prices, too, and dislocates the entire social and industrial structure. While such financing continues, no general improvement can be looked for. The evil of the war lives on.

IN Montana the American Legion has ordered the State Board of Education to place on trial and expel from the law school of the University Prof. Arthur Fisher for having dared to say that he believed it to be the duty of every individual, even after war was declared, to decide for himself the propriety of the participation of the United States in that war. He has moreover declared that if the United States enters another war he will so advise his pupils, and against this horrible possibility the Legion orders the Board of Education to act. If the Board does it will be another blow to an already discredited State institution, and it will simply mean that our Fifth Estate will control education in the State. We suspect that there are other motives and that perhaps Mr. Fisher's connection with a new liberal paper may have something to do with it.

MONTHS ago there was a bomb explosion in Wall Street. A wagon said to have contained explosives was blown up. The newspapers declared that it was a "Red" plot. But for weeks no clue connecting the explosion with any "Red" was discovered—nothing but stories connecting the explosion with a blasting operation being conducted at the very corner where the explosion occurred, and with a big powder company. No official of the powder company or of the blasting firm was arrested. But at intervals the old "Red" story blossoms on the front pages again, and some poor foreigner is arrested—and then forgotten. We seldom hear the sequels. But of one case the New York *World* for August 6 thus tells this ending:

> After arresting Giuseppe di Filipis, the twenty-three-year-old Bayonne, N. J., truckman, on the charge of being the driver of the Wall Street bomb wagon, and keeping him in a cell fourteen days, practically incommunicado, Government officials went into court yesterday, eighty days following the original arrest, and asked that the charge be dismissed, virtually admitting that their suspicions were unfounded. Filipis was taken into custody by agents of the Department of Justice May 17 last on information furnished by Thomas J. Smith, a former lieutenant of the New York Fire Department, who "positively" identified the young Italian as the driver of the bomb wagon. Smith had previously "positively" identified Tito Ligi in Scranton.

We hope that Filipis will sue the Department of Justice

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agents for false arrest and that a jury will be found decent enough to award substantial damages to a man confined in four different jails "practically incomunicado" merely because a "Red"-chaser, already proved a false identifier, thought he looked like a man whom he vaguely remembered seeing prior to the explosion. The real trouble with Filipis was that he was a foreigner; he probably spoke bad English and very likely wore no collar; foreigners who speak bad English, if a little shabby and collarless, have scant rights in America today. But it is high time that officials of law and justice regained respect for law and justice.

HARVARD to the front again! This time it is the Board of Overseers which has distinguished itself by its rejection of the charge made by well-known and influential lawyers in New York against Prof. Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Harvard Law School for his recent book entitled "Freedom of Speech." Since that work appeared certain luminaries of the bar have been so mightily stirred that charges of dangerous radicalism and inaccuracy were preferred against Mr. Chafee. If report is correct, when the case was presented the professor was defended by no less distinguished a person than the President of the University, A. Lawrence Lowell himself, as well as by three of the most distinguished jurists in the United States. All honor to the President of Harvard! Throughout the war he has stood rigidly for professorial freedom when other college presidents were forgetting every fundamental American faith and belief. Mr. Lowell's work in this field is, however, not yet completed. The belief is that Mr. Chafee was only the first target and that reaction's real scheme is to drive out of the Law School Dean Roscoe Pound—just nominated by Siam as a judge of the world court of the League of Nations—and Prof. Felix Frankfurter.

TWO more than ordinarily interesting university summer sessions are being held this year. One is the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, at which foreign statesmen are giving a series of lectures on international affairs. This is by no means a first attempt to bring about, by means of extended knowledge of other countries, a closer relationship between them and America, but it is important, including as it does well-known and distinguished men—Viscount Bryce, for one. A number of noteworthy speeches have already been made. Equally striking is the summer session begun on June 15 at Bryn Mawr. There, for the first time, the college woman and the "working-girl," the industrial worker, have met. Eighty-two girls and women engaged in industrial occupations of various sorts are hearing lectures in English, economics, history, psychology, and labor problems. The purpose of the school is to bring to women who are "working with the tools of their trade an opportunity for a period of advanced and intensive study." It is an extraordinarily useful and worth-while plan and it is reported to be as successful as it is stimulating.

IN spite of the heat an almost unprecedented number of records in track athletics has recently gone down before new prowess while the Dog Star raged. Gourdin, of Harvard, made a broad jump of 25 feet 3 inches, thereby breaking a record held by Pat O'Connor for twenty years. Paddock, of California, not only cut Bernie Wefers's time of 21 1-5 seconds for 220 yards to 20 4-5 but set new world records for 100 meters, 200 meters, 300 meters, and 200 yards, and tied the world's record of 9 3-5 seconds for 100 yards several times. Porohla, the Finnish *enfant terrible*, has put the sixteen-pound shot over 53 feet and, as he is not yet twenty, will probably do even better soon. Are these young men birds or catapults that they achieve such miracles? Will Porohla outdo what Odysseus did with his boulder among the emulous Phaeacians? Will Paddock run faster than the fleet Atalanta? Will Gourdin, like a better Icarus, take wings and genuinely fly?

LIFE is not half so bad as it might be. Now for instance, there is the charming village of Rye, New York, which has a school board that really knows when a fellow needs a friend. It seems that the Apawamis Club, situate near enough to Rye to depend upon the boys of the village for its caddies, is to hold a great golf tournament the middle of September, with President Harding and Chief Justice Taft and all sorts of eminences participating. But school in Rye was scheduled to begin September 12. Was there a collision? There was not. The school board remembered its own green youth, held a meeting, talked the matter over, and voted to postpone the opening of the session another week. One member of the board, doubtless some crabbed elder, suggested that the Apawamis Club might conceivably change its tournament date; he even hinted that the schools ought not to be run for the convenience of the Apawamis Club. Reason, however, prevailed. The head of the tournament pointed out that upward of $1,500 would be spent on caddies during the week. That settled it; the opening was postponed. In our mind's ear we hear the sound of much juvenile rejoicing; we hear execrations of the recalcitrant member who thought school better for boys than caddying. What, we wonder, will those boys who cannot caddy do that week? What will the girls do? Are they not to caddy, too?

THE language of erudition need not be innocent or colorless; consider the substantial yet amusing "Etymological Dictionary of Modern English" (Dutton) just published by Ernest Weekley. It is almost hilariously up to date, with touches of levity in definition and illustration which the author takes the trouble to justify by citing that serious wag Figaro who laughed so he would not have to cry. "*Prohibition* (by abstainers of alcoholic refreshment for others) is US. (c. 1850) and triumphant 1919"—thus Mr. Weekley defines a current word. As to *futurist* he says that "in the sense of artist determined to save art from 'agonizing beneath the ignominious yoke of Michael Angelo' it is quite mod." *Patriotism* he defines by quoting Dr. Johnson—"the last refuge of a scoundrel"—and he gives for illustration of *patriot* an image from Kyne's "Long Chance": "As much out of harmony with his surroundings as a South American Patriot at a Peace Conference." With regard to *Fritz*, meaning German soldier, Mr. Weekley slyly points out that the word comes from "*Friedrich*, lit. peace powerful." Perhaps to hint that he sees uses to which "Dora" has not been put he illustrates the term by this single quotation from the *Referee:* "Even Dora is timid where Ireland is concerned." He pays his respects to *Bolshevik* by quoting Colonel John Ward, "the navvy M. P.," to the effect that "these swine whom we call Bolsheviks are mere bloodthirsty cutthroats who murder for the love of it": and he gets even with the London *Nation* by citing a passage written in 1912: "There ought to be some means of bringing to book a soldier, in the receipt of money from the State, who speaks of a friendly power as Lord Roberts spoke of Germany." Americans will all rejoice at the line from Kipling quoted for *Yankee:* "And some be Scot, but the worst, God wot, and the boldest thieves, be Yank!"

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The World and the Practical Man

FROM a friend comes to us the following remark of a captain of industry, possessor of a great fortune, and known nationally because of conspicuous war services in Washington: "Yes, the editors of *The Nation* mean well. They are idealists. The difficulty is that they are not practical men with their feet on the ground. You have to be practical to get ahead these days. It is the practical men who count." Well, we are greatly indebted for this old-new characterization. Nothing would try us more than to be classed among the practical men and especially to be likened in any way, if our record ever warranted it, to the practical statesmen of our day. Indeed, if *The Nation* is a journal of protest it is primarily against the practical men that it must protest. They have had their way in the world and not the visionaries or the idealists and the enthusiasts, and it is they who have brought the world to its present pass. In business, in finance, in industry, in politics, in diplomacy, in the government of nations it is the practical men who have been at the helm. Look what they have accomplished! A large part of the world is in chaos; in China, India, and in parts of South America and Africa much of the rest of it seethes with discontent. Everywhere the practical system totters and political government falls into disrepute. It is the work of practical men, friends, and of nobody else, upon which we gaze!

Take the question of avoiding war. That was certainly in the hands of practical men. No pacifists governed anywhere. Russia, Germany, Italy, and France were nations in arms; England ruled the waves. Yet all their practical men could find no way out but war in August, 1914—they mobilized their troops as hastily as if they were scared theorists frightened to death and took no heed to palaver a couple of weeks in order to save ten millions of human beings from death. Then once in the great war they could find no way to stop it save by the complete defeat of one side—with the result that when they ended Europe was so exhausted that it is not yet in equilibrium and is really bankrupt. Had the war continued a year or so longer they would have brought civilization in Europe to its end, these practical men, while still insisting that they could not stop short of complete victory. When one of them, Woodrow Wilson, who declared that he was a practical man, came out for peace without victory and truthfully said that nothing could be worse than a peace dictated by the victors to the vanquished, the others took him in hand and persuaded him to their point of view. He, who boasted that, unlike the pacifists, he knew how to get what he wanted, made, with several other practical men, the Treaty of Versailles. In what way could idealists and theorists have done worse? It is the practical men who make compromising and expediency the basis of their policy—often enough to their undoing; they hold their principles only to violate them for temporary advantage. The true idealists refuse to yield and by their refusal keep their principles alive and serve them best.

The captain of industry from whom we have quoted was thoroughly for preparedness in 1915 and 1916; it was the only way a nation could be protected and kept out of war. Today he is one of those practical men who see that preparedness, as the practical and "expert" officers of the army and navy would have us prepare, spells bankruptcy. Mr. Wilson, whom he still upholds as a great and practical statesman who achieved more in Paris than anyone had a right to expect, was urging just a year ago an army of 300,000 men as essential to the safety of the United States. Today the practical men of Congress have reduced the army to 150,000 men—and, *pace* Mr. Wilson, no one trembles. These same practical men are spending this year $245,000,000 upon battleships which sum some aviator theorists have now definitely shown to be money as well cast into the sea for all the protection it will afford—yet the men who voted it would be pained if asked by anyone to take counsel of idealists. Privately these men now admit the humbug of the war to safeguard liberty and to keep the Germans from invading our shores and laugh cynically when reminded that we were to have made the world safe for democracy. It was the idealists, the impractical ones, the visionaries, who refused to be gulled by catchwords and who knew, by the simple study of history, how often from the Napoleonic period down the same war game had been worked.

It is men like this captain of industry who are bitterest against Socialists, "Reds," I. W. W.'s—anybody who would interfere with the existing order. But the order is what the captains of industry and finance are making it. All their feet upon the ground have not enabled them to create a system in which the masses are contented and happy; in which the rise of such brilliant men to great wealth seems just and right and defensible to multitudes who toil with little hope of decent provision for old age—some for twelve hours a day, seven days in the week. It is the friends of this man who run the railroads of this country—they are all practical men chosen to earn from $50,000 to $75,000 a year because of their practical skill and experience. Under their leadership the railroads are in such a parlous state that nothing short of government aid is likely to keep them out of bankruptcy and to make possible the continuance of private ownership and operation. So practical are these railroad presidents that we know of only one who has sat down privately with the leaders of the brotherhoods, to talk over with them the joint problems of capital and labor. Wherever else one turns, as in housing, in agriculture, and particularly in the recent handling of our merchant marine—the "most colossal business failure in history"—the overwhelming success of our practical men speaks volumes for their right to dominate the world!

Yet curiously enough every once in a while these practical men do turn to the ways of theorists and idealists and lo! they find there a way out—never with credit, of course, to the long-time preachers in the wilderness of practicality. We hear of such a practical man as Bernard M. Baruch, for instance, suddenly discovering, long, long after the idealists, that cooperation is the cure for the farmers' ills. There is Mr. Harding turning to a disarmament conference. For how many decades have pacifists been urging this as the one way out—which can only fail if it is mismanaged by practical men? And his Pacific parley? Has it not been the contention of idealists these many years that the way to settle such problems as the Pacific presents is by getting around a table to talk them out in the open? Alas! The trouble with the practical man is that it is never the obvious that appeals to him; that, lacking vision, he all too often fails in all he undertakes.

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A Diplomat on Diplomats

European critics observe that the men of Vienna, Alexander and Metternich, Talleyrand and Hardenberg and Castlereagh, may have had bad principles and employed despotic methods and misconceived the interests of their peoples, but they at least knew what they were doing and gave effect to their principles.

IT is James Bryce speaking. Almost any European statesman detached from the exigencies of a political career would today say as much. Viscount Bryce, at the Williams College Institute of Politics, spoke with the fulness of knowledge of a veteran diplomat who is at the same time a great historian, and with a freedom which the Peace Conference period did not permit even so disinterested and detached a statesman. Careful observers noted Viscount Bryce's silence at a time when the press was full of vociferous praise of the Paris bargains, of which he today says that they have "received in Europe nothing but censure. . . . There is not one of the treaties of 1919-20 which is not now already admitted to need amendment, while some are seen to lead straight to future wars."

What Lord Bryce says has the force of moderation, even of understatement. He speaks with the patience and charity of age. Yet his very apology for the treaties, in summing up the requirements of the hour, is the profoundest condemnation of the little men whom the hour produced.

A task so great needed not politicians of the usual type, but persons of the class which we now call supermen: persons who possessed not only a profound and accurate knowledge of the facts they had to deal with but also a wide vision, a grasp of fundamental principles, a calm judgment raised above the revengeful passions of the moment; persons who loved and sought justice, looking beyond the present to the future, seeking the good of mankind as well as the advantage of their respective nations, able to appreciate the working of those better forces which alone can bring reconcilement and peace to a distracted world. Such men did not appear.

No, the hour did not produce the men, nor even one man. Neither the knowledge nor the vision was in the men of Paris. The heroes of the complacent judgment of the hour have been cast aside, or, like Lloyd George, hang on discredited for lack of new heroes. Recognition of their inadequacy is now almost universal. Yet not so long ago the daily newspapers and the statesmen and politicians of the world were lightly hailing the Paris treaties as the crowning achievement of the ages, ushering in a new and better era of history, and *The Nation*, then almost alone in crying out against the desperate mistakes, pregnant with future misery, which were being made, was denounced as a pettifogging critic, incapable of seeing good in anything.

Time usually, though not always, brings public judgments nearer to the truth. *The Nation's* judgment of "The Madness at Versailles" has been confirmed with tragic speed. But though judgments change, the terrible American habit of indiscriminate optimism changes not at all. The same light disregard for facts, the same calm *laissez-faire*, the same neglect of "those better forces which alone can bring reconcilement and peace to a distracted world"—and of fundamental economic forces—dictates the same restless intolerance of criticism, the same refusal to do hard thinking, and leads to the same distressing results. We avoid conflicts by ducking issues, leaving the sores to fester, and we abuse those who point to the continuing sores. It is something to have our judgments corrected by time; it would be better still if we could cure our determination to see through rosy spectacles and learn to face facts as they are.

We have not yet touched that tap-root of the evils of Versailles which prevented the public from realizing the crimes which were being committed in its name, or from bringing its healthy good-will, ignorant though it may have been, to bear upon the issues—secrecy in diplomacy. Let Lord Bryce speak again:

A thick shield of secrecy was from the beginning hung before the proceedings and though subsequent revelations, not always discreet, have given some light, much still remains for conjecture. It is a singular fact that though no diplomatic proceedings for three generations have been so important as those of 1919-1920 and though never before was there so general a demand for publicity, no previous negotiations have been shrouded in so deep a mystery. Many things were done which could not have been done in public. . . . ."

The evil continues and those who speak against it are called cavilers. Who knows what negotiations our Government has pursued in connection with our disputes with Japan? Or what secret discussions precede and dictate the policy of the Disarmament Conference to be held in Washington? Or even what secret negotiations apropos of relief to Russia are even now under way? Shall we ever learn what little basis there is for that supposed superior knowledge and wisdom which popular imagination attributes to our rulers?

Caruso

OF Enrico Caruso it is a commonplace to say that he was the greatest of tenors. The question is whether he will not prove to be the greatest of tenors of all time. Of this some physicians are convinced, for they believe that his extraordinary voice was in large measure due to a physical formation that may never be duplicated in connection with his other gifts of taste, and ear, and dramatic power. As to this all may speculate who choose. The fact remains that with his death there passes a singer who was entirely by himself. He had a voice of rare sensuous beauty, astounding power, almost invariable purity of intonation, and surprising agility of execution. But he was a great deal more than a *bel canto* singer in the old sense of the word. Before he came to New York in 1903, he may have indulged in the *messa di voce* (the beginning of a tone very softly, swelling it gradually to *fortissimo*, and letting it die away again) as an end in itself, and in similar tricks of virtuosity; but at the Metropolitan Opera House he eschewed them; from year to year he became more of an artist. In the last few years in some of his impersonations, notably Eleazar in "La Juive," John in "Le Prophète," and Samson in the opera of Saint-Saëns, he rose to the heights of Jean de Reszke in musical-dramatic excellence. That he was able to overcome the disadvantages of figure and stature in such a role as that of Pinkerton in "Madame Butterfly" was in itself a tribute to the steadily growing greatness of his art.

True it is that Caruso sometimes allowed his temperament and his evident enjoyment of his own vocal sonorities to run away with him. There were even critics to accuse him now and then of bawling and indulging in explosive high notes. It may be admitted that he did occasionally appeal a trifle to the gallery in some operas, notably those of the robust and vigorous Verdi; but even this was better than

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the *messa di voce* without which no singer was once considered worth while, without which, in what is still called the "golden age of singing," no artist could have held the good-will of his admirers. The truth is that audiences as well as singers have progressed enormously since the days of Handel, who, great genius though he was, had to abandon his classical form and to write operas so ludicrously florid and overtinseled that if any of them were produced today they would be laughed off the stage. Weber and Wagner, Verdi and Puccini, Gounod, Bizet, Massenet, and their followers simplified operatic music and made it more idiomatically vocal (for florid music is essentially instrumental in style); and thus the way was paved for Caruso's triumph in such operas as "Faust," "Romeo et Juliètte," "Carmen," "Manon," "Aïda," "Tosca," and "Butterfly." Those who had followed his evolution into an artist, true and great, hoped that, like De Reszke he might give some of the Wagner operas the blessings of his voice and rare phrasing.

In looking over the list of his seventy operas one notes not a few which are anything but masterworks. Why should a tenor of such greatness have chosen such worthless operas? Those conversant with matters operatic know that he did not really choose them. He was kind-hearted and obliging; to help a manager, a publisher, or a struggling composer he consented again and again to lend the prestige of his name to mediocre productions. That with all his prestige and popularity he could not float these uninspired operas though he did all he could to save them shows that, thanks to the improved taste of the public, there is a limit to the lure of the tenor. Had he lived a century or even half a century ago he might have sung any trash he pleased. Caruso was too much a musician to enjoy being the sole attraction in an operatic caste. Adelina Patti used to refuse to appear on the stage till her manager put into her hand a certified check for $5,000, which sum made it difficult, if not impossible, for the manager to engage any but the cheapest singers for the other parts. Caruso might have held the pistol at Gatti Casazza's head and demanded the same sum instead of only one-half of it. It would still have paid to keep him at the Metropolitan. But Caruso was never happier than when he could be one of an all-star cast. Unlike Patti's was his attitude toward rehearsals. She never attended any, while he was always on hand when wanted. Patti's voice was luscious, too, and her phrasing as exquisitely artistic, but in the matter of expression, the highest test of musicianship, she was far beneath Caruso.

It was Patti's fate that the phonograph came too late to preserve her voice at its best. Caruso was vastly more fortunate than any other great singer who has ever lived, and for reasons far beyond the enormous increase in income the phonograph brought to him. Not only do some of the Caruso records echo his phrasing and expression to perfection, but the quality of his voice is so well preserved that at a distance it is impossible to believe that the great tenor is not actually singing. For him is thus assured a new immortality. For would-be Carusos the records are of inestimable value; there is no progress comparable to that which comes from imitating the quality of a great singer's voice. But beyond even that, the universal mourning of Caruso's death is also in large measure the work of the phonograph. In endless homes the Caruso records have made the family feel that the master was their personal friend, a dweller under their own roof-tree. Hence the mourning unequaled which marks the passing of the greatest tenor.

Paul Bunyan Goes West

IT was idle, of course, to expect that Paul Bunyan would continue to be satisfied with the home near the Great Lakes where that mighty man was born. Call it invented, if you will; true it is that the epic Paul sprang from the imaginations of many lumbermen competing at evening fires for the honor of having told the biggest whopper about the career of Paul the logger's darling. But a ghost of such heroic vigor is not lightly raised; Paul's fame has widened out, by word of mouth alone till very lately, to a thousand camps in many forests; in that sense he has gone himself, for the man lives, like your true epic hero or your politician, by the breath of reputation. Now, as the first chapbook about Paul records for us, he has moved west and done magnificent new deeds under the sunset. The chapbook is called "Paul Bunyan Comes West" and it is issued by Ida Virginia Turney and Helen N. Rhodes from the University of Oregon in a beguiling form which should make all lovers of Americana and all collectors of chapbooks snatch for it. What are copies of the first "Faustbuch" fetching now?

Well, we admit that Paul Bunyan still lacks his Marlowe and his Goethe, but we contend that he is a fellow at least as well worth keeping an eye on as Bevis of Southampton or Guy of Warwick or any of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus or the Seven Champions of Christendom, to say nothing of Jack the Beanstalk-climber or Jack the Giant-killer. In this first chapbook about him Paul Bunyan has fallen into the hands of a certain Yank, still living somewhere in the valley of the Willamette and devoting the hours he can spare from the neglect of his professional duties as camp cook to the elaboration of tales about Paul. Art thus makes an advance upon nature; in real life the mighty Bunyan grows almost by repartee, as when one logger tells one tall tale about his hero and another tries to go him rather better and some third attempts to outdo both; but the epic has its rights. Robin Hood moved from separate ballads to a ballad sequence, and the wily Ulysses from epic lays to the grand march of Homer himself. So Paul Bunyan starts up.

It will be a shame if, like George Peele and some others, he ends in a jestbook and never flies further. Exaggeration such as that in some of the stories verges upon genius. His pick drags behind him on his way West and the first thing he knows he has cut out the Colorado Canyon; he blows the new dinner horn and down fall three square miles of timber; with his Blue Ox to help him he brings an Alaskan glacier down to the States and digs out Puget Sound for the Government; he raises corn in Kansas enormous enough to suck the Mississippi dry and interfere with navigation; he builds a hotel so high that he has "the last seven stories put on hinges so's they could be swung back for to let the moon go by"; his ax "had a wove grass handle and Paul he jist swung it round in a circle an' cut all the trees within reach to wunst." He has a daughter Teenie of the same heroic breed, an adequate dog named Elmer, and the Blue Ox, Babe, "a 'normous critter—forty ax-handles an' a plug o' Star terbacker between the eyes."

The question what the American imagination will make of Paul Bunyan is a curious one. Will it make him another Hercules or another Munchausen? Or will it absurdly think itself rich enough to afford to neglect him?

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Americans in Russia

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

CHICHERIN, Commissar of Foreign Affairs of Soviet Russia, has an American private secretary who but for the accident of marriage to a Norwegian would still carry an American passport; Shatov, Minister of Railways in the Far Eastern Republic, was long an active member of the I. W. W. of the U. S. A.; among the delegates to the Communist Internationale in Moscow this summer are American-born Americans representing three continents—an American girl as one of the delegates of the Indian Revolutionary Committee; a former American college professor sent as a delegate by the French Communist Party of America; and the delegates of the Communist Party of America. If you enter Ludwig Martens's office in the Council of National Economy, or the Anglo-American Section of the Foreign Office, you will hear less Russian than the authentic accent of the Bronx and of Brownsville, Brooklyn. The American Government may be as cold as it will to Soviet Russia; the American people are well represented in the capital of the red flag republic.

There were, as far as I could discover, eight Americans in prison or partially confined in Moscow. I do not know the exact nature of their offenses—most of them were accused of some kind of espionage. All of them regularly received extra good rations through the Czecho-Slovak Prisoners' Exchange Mission, which acts as agent of the International Red Cross. In fact, they are almost the best fed people in Moscow. I glanced through a stack of their signed receipts. Emmet Kilpatrick, for instance, the American Red Cross officer captured with Wrangel troops—our Red Cross has always enthusiastically represented America in every anti-Bolshevik movement—received on June 7 two cans of corned beef, two of prime beef, one of pork and beans, two pounds of bacon, five pounds of white bread, one of onions, a half-pound of butter, a quarter-pound of cocoa and as much coffee, one can of sweetened and one of unsweetened milk, salt, vinegar, etc. This was a two weeks' supplementary ration in addition to regular prison diet. I saw his letter acknowledging receipt. "I thank you so much in the name of my Government and of the American Red Cross. I beg that in the future you will help me—am very sick and weak. Very truly yours, Emmet Kilpatrick, American Red Cross." Kilpatrick was in fact sick; he had seen 44 days in the special *Cheka* prison, without supplementary rations. Other prisoners were Mrs. Marguerite Harrison, W. H. Estes, Thomas Hazelwood, John Flick, H. J. LaMarc, Dr. Janczura, and Kalamatchano, who was involved in one of the early counter-revolutionary plots. S. A. Vikoren of Grand Forks, N. D., R. B. Keeley, the engineer, and a Swedish-American named Harry Carlson, formerly employed in Moscow by the International Harvester Co., were free in Moscow but were not permitted to leave the city. I saw Keeley when he was just out of jail, apparently in excellent health, and also Carlson, who was very bitter against the Government but whose five-months-old baby, which received both the International Red Cross milk and that supplied by a Soviet baby milk station, weighed 18 Russian pounds—more than twice its birth weight. I was present when Carlson arranged with the Czecho-Slovak Mission to obtain a special supply of wood for him next winter. In fact the Americans held in Moscow were receiving better nourishment than those who had returned to Moscow to serve the Government that was to them a promise of a brighter future.

How genuine were the charges against most of these men I have no means of knowing. Keeley's case at least was undoubtedly a mistake. He had been given confidential industrial information, and he made an indiscreet agreement with a representative of a Chicago newspaper which was misunderstood by the Soviet authorities. As a result Keeley spent a year in a Moscow jail—an electric-lit, comfortably equipped cell but a jail cell after all; he is now required to work another year in Moscow before going home. I got very mad about Keeley's case until I began to reflect upon the treatment of Russians in American prisons. There has been nothing in Russia to compare with Deer Island or Detroit, or even with the raid on the Russian People's House in East Fifteenth Street, New York. Mistakes have occurred in Moscow, but as yet nothing to compare with the Palmer raids.

But neither Communists as delegates or officials, nor the men in prison, form the real picture of America in Moscow. All over Russia there are returned "Americans"—we called them Russians when they were in America; they call them Americans in Russia. For they brought back with them a surge and an energy that Russia sorely needs and that is genuinely American. They had lost the terrible patience of the Russian; they had learned something from the very mechanism of American civilization which they are so glad to escape. One of the great efforts of the Government today is to canalize the returning emigrants and to utilize their energy and resources.

Industrial depression sent thousands of Russian-Americans back to Russia. In four months, December, 1920, to March, 1921, 15,000 poured in through Libau alone. Then the frontier was closed. It was impossible to care for the thousands or even to control the undesirable elements that slipped in. Some hundreds brought their American-made home brew and distilling apparatus to Libau with them. Some were, despite American prohibition, habitual drunks. (Russia is, by the way, a country of real prohibition. I did not see an even slightly intoxicated person in an entire month in Moscow.) There were no houses available to lodge them, there was no food for them, there was no system of putting them to work. They all wanted to see their families at once—and were soon lost, dispersed. Some of them came with high ideas of Russia as a land of magnificent realizations where bread and honey flowed for the workers, and were grievously disappointed.

Today Russian-Americans are admitted only in cooperative groups. While I was in Moscow a group of 70 arrived—41 builders and their families, bringing with them their own food, and tools and equipment for a $25,000 shop. They have been assigned to a factory in the Donetz coal basin, where they will make doors, windows, shingles, etc., and will build light wooden miners' houses of the American type. Another group of 170 consisted of 120 tailors with their families; they brought with them the complete equipment for a shop of 600 men. A tool-making cooperative group brought all the machinery for die-casting, which had never been done in Russia before. Martens cabled permission while I was there to a New York State agricultural cooperative group of

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fifty men, including carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., who had $50,000, and wanted to know what machinery to purchase.

There are three million Russians in America. Many of them, after the persecution of the last ten years, want to return. If only a quarter million returned, and if each brought $400 worth of tools, that would be the equivalent of $100,000,000 imported into Russia. Moreover, workers returning to Russia henceforth will be required to bring with them a food supply adequate for two years. Present famine conditions permit no other course. Picture what the return of these Russian-Americans may mean to Russia. For three years hundreds of them have been attending classes regularly training themselves to be of special technical service to Russia. Experience has shown that such Russian-Americans if put into a large Russian organization are likely to lose the advantage of their technical training and to drop back to Russian industrial standards. So they will at first be kept together in organized groups, only gradually absorbing other Russians. To them will be given entire factories which now lie idle, considerable economic autonomy, freedom to dispose of their products as they please. But they are cooperatives, returning to serve Russia, not to exploit her. "Those Russian-Americans are worth a hundred big concessions," Martens said to me one day. "The policy of concessions is utopian—you cannot really expect big capitalists to do anything to serve Russia."

One of the wildest, highest, bravest dreams that ever I heard was hatched by a group of such returned Russian-Americans. One day a carload of them left for the Kuznitz Basin in Siberia. Back of Tomsk lies one of the richest mineral regions in the world—a mountain of iron ore close to hard coal that needs only removal of the surface earth, in a rich timber country beside a navigable river. The dream is, instead of giving a concession for the district to Western capitalists, to turn it over for development to a cooperative group of returning Russian-Americans, most of them I. W. W.'s. It sounds wild, yet the achievements of the I. W. W.'s in Russia must all have sounded wild. One former I. W. W. is now Budenny's aide-de-camp. He used to read Budenny the New York *Times* accounts of the cavalry general's exploits; and Budenny, who carries a Communist Party card in his pocket, would chuckle until he saw the faked pictures of himself in the *Times* and then would swear. Another bustling I. W. W. is Martens's very capable confidential secretary; Martens is now a member of the praesidium of the Supreme Council of National Economy. Still another I. W. W. has replaced a "spez" (specialist) as director of a new stretch of railroad under construction and is said to be a very capable engineer. It was an I. W. W. who first brought the Petrograd-Moscow railway out of the early revolutionary chaos. Something of the rowdy, working, fighting, laughing spirit that those boys are carrying back to Russia breathes in a letter of greeting that came to Bill Haywood soon after his arrival in Moscow. Its writer happened to have been born in German Poland, but he is of the type of Americans returned to Russia:

Felser's Factory, Nijni Novgorod, June, 1921

Hello Bill—Fellow Worker!

A few days ago a bunch of German workingmen with their families got here and one of them told me you are at present in this country. Would like to have a talk with you but it's impossible I guess. Do you remember one wobb, Karl W. Sonntag, member No. 188451, who in the winter of '16-'17 hung around 1001 West Madison Street all his free time? Well, later in the spring of '17 I went off to Idaho, got pinched there in the strike of lumbermen, and was sent for three months to the Moscow, Idaho, county jail. Herd and Hawkins were in that bunch and received from the law some years at Boise. In February, '18, they got me again out of a machine-shop in Seattle; followed some five or six months of diverse jails, the best of them that at Walla Walla. During those five or six months they discovered that I was not a Polak but a German and off I got sent to Fort Douglas, Utah. There some eight months of disciplinary barracks, bread and water, and finally two leaden bullets in the leg. What for? O hell, I liked to sing, and all the English songs I knew were wobbly songs. There you are. Personally I'm glad you are over here, for they would have hung you yet over there and if this country needs anything it's organizers so I think you'll have a hell of a lot of work to do here supposing you'll stay here for good. Let's all do our best to make a paradise for workers out of this country. As I and four others left Moscow one John A—— wished to go along with us; we took him along for he said he was a wobbly and a rebel but later we caught him crying once—you know the bread basket hung pretty high these months. Bill, I'll close for my workday now is sixteen hours and more. I left Fort Douglas in July, 1919, wanted to be busy in the so-called German revolution but found that I again got badly fooled; that's why I'm here now after several tries to get into Russia. All right, here "I Will Work." Yes, the Russians laugh and say I work too much but they are ignorants and don't understand. Bill, be good; reading your answer will be a happy hour for me. Yours for the world revolution.

KARL SONNTAG

You find them everywhere—as chauffeurs, aids to the Quaker relief workers, secretaries, translators, mechanics, teachers, up to high government posts—the very type of Russian-Americans so familiar throughout industrial America. Occasionally they don't fit. I met one engineer who said: "You Americans spoil good workmen—men come to our factory who'd worked in the Ford factory in Detroit, and they're no good. They'd been trained to work one highly complicated machine. Day after day for years they've worked that machine, and they can't do anything else. We haven't the same machines, and they're no good for us."

There are also the Quakers in Moscow, English and Americans cooperating, pioneers in relief work where other organizations lacked the courage, the persistence, or the will. Distributors of soap and fats, of clothes and chocolate, they too represent the best of America in Russia.

Over the heads of governments and behind their backs the intercourse of peoples goes on. Vanderlip returned to Russia, but was recognized as a mere adventurer. Other American business men will not be admitted until our Government by opening trade negotiations gives a solid basis to their visits. Even American journalists are not welcome. Litvinov said to me: "What's the use? It doesn't make any difference what the American press says. The press doesn't influence the Government—that's a legend about democratic countries. The Government influences the press. If the Government doesn't want to trade with Russia, the press howls against trade with Russia. If the Government decides to trade with Russia, the press will be unanimous that trade with Russia is necessary. So, with food shortage, why bother about admitting journalists?" And of course he was nearly right. Official America, business America, the great daily press of America, is unrepresented in Russia. (They almost refused to let Senator France in.) But working-class America has its unofficial representatives everywhere, and you cannot help feeling that the heart-beat of America is as truly felt in Moscow as if the Stars and Stripes waved proudly over an official embassy.

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Consider Iceland!

By JOHN G. HOLME

IT is not yet three years since Iceland achieved its sovereignty, and too early therefore to detail what freedom has brought "the Fair Mountain Lady," as the Icelanders like to call their country, aside from the satisfaction which they feel in virtually regaining their ancient liberties after seven centuries of foreign rule. The leisurely Icelandic Bureau of Statistics has not issued its report for 1919, the first year of independence, so one cannot say whether it has paid in crowns and öre, and nobody much cares. One thing is certain, however: Iceland has made its peace with Denmark.

One Sunday, shortly after King Christian of Denmark, mounted on the traditional white horse, had crossed the line which for nearly sixty years separated Denmark from Danish Slesvig, to take formal possession of the territory restored by plebiscite under provisions of the Paris Peace Treaty, a sermon of thanksgiving was preached by the Bishop of Iceland in Reykjavik Cathedral. The old structure was packed. Men and women who had forgotten for years to attend service were there, among them persons who had devoted their whole lives to Iceland's nationalist cause and had never been accused of undue friendliness toward Denmark. Such a demonstration may not mean much to the average American. To those who know the history of the relations between Denmark and Iceland it is almost equivalent to a special service in Dublin celebrated by an Irish Cardinal in commemoration of some outstanding military or diplomatic victory of the British Empire. Probably not a single person in all Iceland but rejoiced over the return of northern Slesvig. The entire Icelandic press hailed it as a triumph of justice and heartily congratulated Denmark. Such demonstrations of friendliness would have been unthinkable twenty years ago.

This spontaneous rejoicing over Denmark's victory is merely the outward public expression of the change wrought in the minds and hearts of Icelanders by the Federative Constitution which went into effect December 1, 1918, and made Iceland an independent nation. Only the Scandinavian countries paid any attention to the Danish-Icelandic conference held in the summer of 1918 in Reykjavik, where, after the remaining disputes between Denmark and Iceland had been ironed out to the apparent satisfaction of both countries, the new constitution was drafted. The Danish Government was represented by four members of the Danish Riksdag and Iceland by an equal number of members of the Icelandic Althing. The constitution was later ratified by the Althing, an Icelandic plebiscite, and by the Danish Riksdag, being opposed in the latter body only by the numerically small Conservative Party. The world at large was interested neither in the conference nor its results. The two nations concerned were so small; the men who wrote a new leaf in the history of international relations so little known outside their own countries. Besides, the world's attention was riveted on the death-struggle in northern France where several million men were trying to save democracy by the use of high explosives and poison gas from several million other men who with the same weapons were fighting for culture. No such dramatic elements illumined the meeting of eight gentlemen in the quaint little assembly hall of the University of Reykjavik. Not a uniform was in sight, not a drum was rolled, not even a pop-gun was fired. It is doubtful whether a single member of the conference wore even a medal or a ribbon in his buttonhole. Yet these eight men settled amicably a question which to their respective countries meant as much as did any of the major issues to the principal contending Powers in the war. But how ridiculous it would have seemed in July, 1918, to remark that civilization was winning a greater triumph in a schoolroom in Reykjavik, Iceland, than on the battlefields of France.

Outside of Scandinavia the world still knows very little about the settlement of the Icelandic question, unless we except the British, where Irish sympathizers have demanded why the Danish-Icelandic method could not be applied in settling Erin's problem. Will England be able to show as a result of the July peace negotiations with the Sinn Feiners that she is not too proud to learn a lesson from little Denmark? Now the cases of Ireland and Iceland are by no means parallel, but they have points in common. Iceland is farther removed from Denmark, and its isolation has aided in preserving virtually intact the old Norse, the language of the Sagas, spoken throughout Scandinavia about a thousand years ago. Iceland has no Ulster and very little Danish blood, but Danes who have settled in Iceland often have played valiant roles in Iceland's battle for its rights, and what is left today in Iceland of a jingoist faction is led by a man of Danish birth, name, and parentage. Nor has Denmark ever applied the harsh measures to Iceland that England has to Ireland. The sins of the Danes in the distant past were rather those of omission and neglect than of commission and aggression. The two nations have basically much in common. If not closely related they are of common stock and of the same religion and in latter years, similar—lack of religion.

The principal ill feeling between the two countries was engendered by the commercial monopoly exercised by Denmark down to 1854. This system of trade exploitation perhaps did more than plagues and volcanic eruptions, which wiped out whole communities, to debase the people physically, spiritually, and morally. The farmers would rather be cheated and robbed by French and English smugglers than bullied by Danish merchants, and here lay the source of hatred of everything Danish. And how hate does degrade and warp the soul—especially that brand of hatred which is handed down from father to son and becomes a cumulative growth in a whole nation! It eats away at the vital organs and eventually destroys the hater. Nearly a century of free trade and intelligent, progressive measures have been required to cure Iceland. Any middle-aged Icelander can recall the time when Jón Olafsson's adaptation of the Marseillaise with the refrain, "No more hellish creature does our spineless Althing own than a Danish Icelander," was the most popular song in the island. The change of heart may be gauged by the fact that Olafsson lived to become a stanch friend and admirer of Denmark, although maturity and old age never appreciably changed his fiery spirit. Decade by decade, almost year by year, Denmark lightened the burdens on the Saga land, meeting

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the demands of the Icelanders in a spirit of fairness, yielding in each instance solely to argument. Free trade in 1854, home rule constitution in 1874, then gradual amendments to the constitution as new conditions demanded, and finally independence. Now that we look back we must admit that all these changes for the better came as early as might have been expected. Denmark could hardly grant its dependency a free constitution before the ruling country had its own, and it has been the habit of all countries to exploit and squeeze their dependencies up to within the last few years. And by some enlightened countries it is still practiced! Denmark swore off three-quarters of a century ago.

But aside from the granting of reforms Denmark has of late pursued an attitude of intelligent tolerance toward what many a sovereign power might have called a capricious subject nation. Thus when the captain of an Icelandic vessel ran up the Icelandic flag which was only to be displayed within the territorial limits of Iceland in a Norwegian port to the loud applause of Norway, Iceland's parent nation, Denmark refused to become wroth over the incident or even take the matter seriously. Norwegians crowed over this little act of defiance. But the Danish state has advanced to a point where it has acquired a sense of humor; Denmark smiled at its own tories who demanded that stricter measures be applied in Iceland and the country be handled "in a firmer, more statesmanlike manner." This same attitude was pursued by official Denmark throughout the war when all the little neutrals had to go pretty much on their own, and Iceland proposed to conduct its own negotiations with the Allies for the sale of its exports and the purchase of necessities. Although at that time Iceland had not gained its independence, Denmark offered no objections to this program. On the other hand Danish diplomatic agents in Washington and London sought to aid the commercial representatives of Iceland in every way. During the last two or three years of the war Iceland maintained its commercial bureau in New York through which the country purchased all its grain, cereals, coffee, tea, sugar, and other necessary imports. In return Iceland sold and delivered all its exports in Allied ports.

Iceland's ability to forage for itself during the war and conduct its negotiations virtually unaided with the Allies, constituted a strong proof that the country could actually stand and move on its own legs. An equally powerful argument was advanced by the spokesmen of the nation against the continuance of the close union with Denmark. I quote the substance of this argument as outlined to me by an official of the Icelandic government before the conference in Reykjavik:

> There is neither profit nor glory for Denmark in keeping Iceland as a dependency, while to us there is grave danger in such an arrangement [he said]. Should Denmark be attacked by Germany or by any other strong Power, Iceland would be involved as a co-belligerent without being able to offer any aid to our sovereign nation and without having had anything whatever to do with the cause of war. Nevertheless, at the peace settlement Iceland might be subject to barter and might be claimed by the victor, were Denmark defeated, or sold to some other Power. If Iceland were an independent nation, united to Denmark only by personal ties, and, if on attaining our independence, Iceland proclaimed its "perpetual neutrality," we could appeal to the great Powers and the world conscience to protect our established rights, even should we be forced to accept the sovereignty of some other nation.

During the war both Denmark and Iceland were in mortal dread of Germany. The Icelanders knew, of course, that their country with its matchless ice-free and land-locked harbors within striking distance of the British isles would never fall into German hands so long as the British fleet commanded the North Sea. It was therefore much more likely that the country might become a British than a German possession, and should such fate await "the Mountain Lady" her sons wanted to have their house in order. They had known England for generations, and calculated shrewdly that even England's tories would find it an awkward and odious task to tear down any of their established civil and political liberties.

The substance of the seven articles of the Federative Constitution is as follows:

I. Denmark and Iceland are free and sovereign states united under the same king and the agreement embodied in this Federative Constitution. The names of both countries are to appear in the title of the King. The succession to the throne may not be changed without the consent of both nations.

II. Danish citizens enjoy in Iceland in all respects the same rights as citizens born in Iceland and vice versa. Each citizen of either country is exempt from military service in the other country. Danish vessels have the same rights in Icelandic waters and ports as vessels owned in Iceland and vice versa. Danish and Icelandic goods and products must mutually receive no less favorable treatment than those of other countries.

III. Denmark takes charge of Iceland's foreign affairs. For the consideration of Icelandic questions there is to be appointed to the Danish Foreign Office an agent fully acquainted with Icelandic conditions. If the Government of Iceland desires to dispatch its own envoy at its own expense to negotiate with foreign governments concerning questions affecting Iceland, this may be done in cooperation with the Danish Foreign Ministry. Agreements between Denmark and other countries already made and published apply equally to Iceland in so far as they concern that country. Any international agreements entered into after the ratification of this Federative Constitution are invalid for Iceland without the consent of the Icelandic authorities concerned. Denmark is to protect Icelandic fisheries within Icelandic territorial waters under the Danish flag until Iceland decides to take up this duty, wholly or partly, at its own expense. Iceland's monetary system is to remain the same until Iceland decides to establish its own mint. The supreme court of Denmark exercises chief judicial powers in Icelandic litigation till Iceland establishes its own supreme court. Until this takes place an Icelandic judge shall have a seat in the Danish supreme court.

IV. Other mutual concerns, such as passenger traffic, trade, revenue matters, shipping stipulation, mail, telegraph and radiotelegraphic systems, joint legislation, weights and measures, and financial matters, are to receive the joint attention of the authorities concerned in both countries. The Danish treasury sets aside 2,000,000 crowns for two funds of 1,000,000 each to strengthen the ecclesiastical ties between Denmark and Iceland, to encourage science and research in Iceland, and aid Icelandic students. One fund is to be the property of the University of Copenhagen and the other that of the University of Reykjavik.

V. An advisory commission of six, three Danes and three Icelanders, chosen by Riksdag and Althing, shall be created to consider all matters of legislation in both countries affecting the other country. This commission shall pass on all such measures before they are introduced in either parliament. The commission must be consulted on all such measures and it may take the initiative in drafting legislative measures. In the event of disagreement the supreme courts of both countries shall appoint two representatives of each country to settle the matter. In case of further deadlock the matter shall be decided by a Swedish or Norwegian arbiter, appointed in turn by the Swedish and Norwegian governments.

VI. This Federative Constitution shall remain in force till

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the close of 1940, and within three years of that date may be altered or abrogated.

VII. Denmark announces to foreign Powers that it acknowledges Iceland as a sovereign state in accordance with this Federative Constitution, likewise announcing that Iceland declares itself a *perpetually neutral* country. This Federative Constitution goes into effect December 1, 1918.

It was not found necessary to appoint an Icelandic judge to the Danish supreme court, as Iceland established its own supreme court October 6, 1919, and it has been acting since the beginning of last year. There are five justices—a chief justice and four associates. The other functions of government still performed by Denmark will in all probability gradually be taken over by the Icelandic authorities except where, for reasons of economy, it is found advisable to make use of the already well-established Danish governmental machinery. It would hardly pay Iceland for years to come to establish diplomatic and consular service. Internally the Government remains much the same as before the country became independent. The constitution of 1874 has been amended from time to time, and representation in Althing has been altered. I am informed by Dr. Halldor Hermannsson of Cornell University that the Althing has at present forty members, twenty-six in the lower house and fourteen in the upper. Of these thirty-four are elected in the various constituencies by direct vote of men and women, Iceland having been one of the first countries to grant women suffrage, while six are elected by proportional representation from the whole country. These six are elected to the upper house. Both houses in joint session elect eight members from the lower house to the upper.

Because Denmark had for years past been giving Iceland more and more rope in running its affairs, practical self-government in Iceland is actually more than two and a half years old, and so far as I know independence has been a complete success. It is doubtful whether anyone has become more prosperous through freedom, but everyone has become more contented, and the Government has shown itself fully capable of meeting all its domestic problems, most of which are of an industrial nature. For the present at least friction with Denmark is removed. The future, of course, may bring up new difficulties. If in 1940 Iceland decides to end personal relations with Denmark the question of the Faroe Islands may be troublesome. But any dissension between Denmark and Iceland arising from the Faroes will not be of the choosing of either country. The Faroes have a population of nearly 20,000. They were settled by Norsemen about the same time as Iceland, and the people speak a dialect of the old Norse. The Faroese are almost wholly dependent on the sea, are excellent fishermen and seamen, and have always had free access to the inexhaustible fishing region around Iceland, where they share all the benefits of the deep with Danes and Icelanders. Very likely they would prefer to remain Danish except for economic reasons. But if the personal ties between Denmark and Iceland are severed the Faroe fishermen might be excluded from Icelandic territorial waters, and for that reason alone the islands would probably demand union with Iceland, which by 1940 may have developed a galloping case of imperialism. But in view of past performances there is no reason for believing that this problem cannot be settled amicably.

King Christian is personally popular in Iceland as were his father and grandfather, and Danes and Icelanders work well together—better today than ever. But Iceland was founded as a republic, and the ideal of the republic will never die. It cannot. Iceland will never be wholly satisfied until the ancient republic has been succeeded by a new republic, and if by that time the whole island is not run by electricity, all the waterfalls harnessed, all the Sagas forgotten, and the poets turned into industrial engineers and factory slaves there will arise a stirring cry for the removal of Althing from its inclosures of stone and concrete in Reykjavik and the pitching anew of the tented city at Thingveller—parliament plain—where the old republic and Althing were born and the ancient sages read the law. The Icelanders are a curious mixture, hard workers, practical and thrifty, and at the same time incurable romanticists. I believe they are the only people in the civilized world who worship their classics—university professors, ministers of the gospel, merchants, fishermen, shepherds, and kitchen maids alike. At heart they are pagans. They were wholly and frankly so up to the Reformation. Was not Saemund, the author of the elder poetic Edda, a Catholic priest, and did not the monks write most of the Sagas? Today there sounds a pagan peal in almost every lyric of the younger writers, and I cannot recall a spark of Christianity in Einar Jónsson's sculpture. The church remains as a respectable institution, and the people chant Pjetursson's Passion Hymns during Lent, but every child knows the Sagas and the Eddas, and the collector of the matchless folk-legends, pagan to the core, said: "My sole reward for my labors is that I have never found a copy of my legends that was not both torn and dirty."

Why cannot other countries adjust their claims as did Sweden and Norway some years ago and Denmark and (pagan) Iceland more recently? Is it that the Scandinavian peoples are farther advanced along the road of civilization than the other countries of the world? Answer that question yourself. I shall not. I will not be accused of prejudice.

Burning Bush

By KARLE WILSON BAKER

My heart, complaining like a bird
Kept drooping on her weary nest:
"Oh, take me out under the sky,
Find me a little rest!"

I took her out under the sky,
I climbed a straggling, sandy street
Where little weathered houses sag,
And town and country meet.

And in the corner of a yard
Unkempt, forlorn, and winter-browned,
A single sprig of Burning Bush
Thrust up from the bare ground.

It bore no leaf as yet—one flower,
Three pointed buds of pure rose-flame:
Up whirred my heart, circled in air,
Back to my bosom came.

And that was all I showed to her—
I could not find another thing—
But, "Take me home again," she cried,
"And I will sing and sing!"

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Offspring-of-the-Vulgar

By MARY L. GRUENING

SHALL I ever forget that memorable morning when Father opened his newspaper to read us something instructive and edifying, as was his wont, and Cousin Lewis's picture bearing the legend "Socialist Arrested" and a headline "Reds Make It Hot for Police" met his incredulous and horrified gaze? It was only too true. Lewis the Adenoidal, who seemed so good and so dull when he had spent last Saturday in our unsuspecting midst, was a "Criminal." There was nothing to laugh at. It was a very serious matter, but the tension, the dramatic suspense, the shock withal, not untinged with a certain furtive exhilaration, made Edward and myself nervously hilarious. Had Lewis committed Burglary or Murder? No, something infinitely worse; he had been disobedient and impertinent to a policeman.

This good man, who loved law and order, had told Lewis to move on when he was talking with some "discontented" strikers, "low" fellows who would rob Father of all he possessed, although they had "neither the intelligence nor the education" to appreciate Father's old Roman coin collection or his valuable classical library. Lewis had refused to move, and shouted "Down with Capitalism!" There had been a "vulgar" street fight (there was nothing to laugh at) and Lewis had been overpowered and taken to the police station in a "low" Black Maria, a wagon used to dispatch thieves, gansters, murderers to well-deserved incarceration.

The night in jail had not the subduing effect one would expect, and the refractory Lewis had even "argued" with the Judge, who was not only a prominent jurist but a learned and distinguished gentleman and classical scholar, whom Father knew well. Lewis, when the venerable Judge had rebuked him in a kindly, paternal manner, shouted that he was a "class-conscious proletariat," which was not only subversive in sentiment and incorrect English (he was an *-ian*, not an *-iat*), but libelous to the parents who bore him. It came from a Latin word *proletarius* (*proles*=offspring), in ancient Rome a citizen of the *lowest* class who could serve the state only by having children. Servius Tullius had first made this division in the Roman state. They were the vulgar, the common people.

Lewis had announced in a public court that he was an Offspring-of-the-Vulgar. Was that decent? Was that done? After Lewis's father had worked all his life to give his son a gentleman's education, was he to be insulted by his own "proles"? Then Lewis had raved incoherently about Karl Marx, a most unpleasant character, who had not been *persona grata* with any of the nice people of his day, and who had written a book so tedious, so involved and cumbrous in style—and "Le style c'est l'homme"—that even the Socialists did not read it, although they certainly deserved to.

Right after breakfast Father would write a dignified letter to Lewis's family to the effect that, although "De gustibus non disputandum," there was a certain code, certain principles that all decent people subscribed to; that Lewis had offended against this code and had outraged these principles; and that in view of the fact that he had picked up "hic et ubique" companions and ideas dangerous to our commonwealth it would be advisable, nay imperative, to sever connections at once.

While Father was thus engaged in "severing," Edward and I were to learn the declension of *proletarius: proletarius, proletarii, proletario,* etc. Then we were to look up this objectionable class of people in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," enlarge upon the theme, trace the rise and fall of those Pesky Plebes in our Roman History, and commit said fluctuations to paper. The fruit of our exhaustive research, neatly and legibly written, was to be sent to the benighted Lewis, addressed either to the dungeon, where the wretch must needs expiate his crime, or in case the Judge was more lenient than Lewis deserved, to the home he had "forever disgraced." It would be well for the seventeen-year-old Lewis to see what children four and six years younger knew about the Proletariat that he was so grossly ignorant of, although he felt he could "argue" about it with the learned Judge. Father would like to see a little enthusiasm and cooperation on our part, but perhaps a serious study of the subject was not to our taste. No doubt, we would prefer to shout in court and market-place; no doubt we too were "Offspring-of-the-Vulgar."

We need not wait for the waffles (we had had sufficient pabulum) but might start libraryward at once. *Proletarius, proletarii, proletario,* and put a little vim and expression into it if you please. You would think Father was driving us to some irksome task, instead of merely making a suggestion for a pleasant and profitable way of spending a holiday. Strange how the normal pleasures of childhood did not appeal to us. But stay—a moment—Father would like us to express our views. Please to be perfectly frank so he would know where he and we stood, to say if we felt so inclined.

"Father, we wish to be Offspring-of-the-Vulgar. We want to join a mob and storm the house that you have worked so hard to build for us. We will distribute your valuable classical library and your beautiful old Roman coin collection among the discontented strikers, although they have neither the intelligence nor the education to appreciate them. We wish to wave the red flag and inflame the populace. We wish to lead the rabble to murder and pillage—"

Well, there was nothing to cry about. Father simply wanted "an intelligent answer." "What was our attitude?"

What indeed! O for the leisure-fostering adventures we had planned for that precious Saturday! First, the boy next door, the hateful Charley, who claimed he could "lick" Edward, was that very afternoon to be made bitterly to rue his vainglorious boast. He was a year older than Edward, taller and much heavier, but Edward (we had planned it all for weeks ahead) was to be like the lovely heroes in our story books, who were invariably "the lighter and the more agile" when confronting their ponderous and blundering antagonists. Then our secret language was to be revised and made still more secret, euphonious, and complicated. And finally we were to spend our substance, fifty-three cents between us, in riotous purchase at the five and ten cent store; two ice cream sodas were to be the fitting climax of this red-letter day.

Attitude? Attitude indeed! Oh, how we hated our criminal cousin Lewis for causing these hopes to be deferred. Oh, how we hated the darned old Proletariat!

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The New States-Rightism

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

WE may all accept the late Champ Clark's encomium that the Constitutional Convention of 1787 was "composed of the wisest men that ever met under one roof" and still admit that neither that august body nor the Civil War nor the Supreme Court have adjusted all the overlappings of State and Federal authority. Three times within the last fifteen years the State of California has materially, if unconsciously, influenced the foreign relations of the United States. In doing this, she acted for what were considered her own interests. She has complied strictly with the constitutional injunction not to make war, nor keep troops or ships of war in time of peace without the consent of Congress. She has violated no treaty. Yet, judged by their eventual consequences, these acts of the State may lead to an identical result. First in 1906 the San Francisco school board issued a proclamation debarring all Japanese children from the general public schools. This discrimination was overcome only after an attempted injunction, bitter complaints from Japan, and a drastic revision of our immigration policy. Second, in 1913 California passed a discriminatory land law, denying to aliens ineligible to citizenship the right to own land. Third, in 1920 the State extended this law to prohibit even leases to such aliens, and passed also an alien poll-tax law in direct violation of Article I of our treaty with Japan which says that Japanese subjects in America shall be taxed no more than native citizens.

All of these measures were aimed purposely, if not textually, at the Japanese. They singled out one class of aliens and denied them rights granted to others. This was a discrimination against which the Japanese Government protested vigorously—against which any government worthy of the name would protest. But its protests have inevitably fallen on deaf ears because of our governmental structure. Our Government, the Federal authorities always point out, is one of delegated powers. No branch of the Federal Government can interfere with the constitutional exercise of the powers, including land tenure, reserved to the States. If the State has violated some right of the alien, under either the Constitution or the treaties of the United States, the courts, and neither the President nor Congress, are the only body capable of redressing the wrong.

The United States, furthermore, has solemnly promised to guarantee the "most constant protection" to subjects of other countries in America. Yet here, too, it is totally helpless to keep its promise, for the redress of all crimes, with few exceptions, remains with the State courts. If a grand jury refuses to indict a mob for lynching aliens, as it has repeatedly done, notably in the case of the Italian outrages in New Orleans (1891), the Government of the aliens may protest to Washington until it is blue in the face, and yet Washington can do nothing. Although Congress has paid out some $500,000 as a "boon" to the families of the victims, it has always disclaimed any responsibility whatever for the commission or for the punishment of the crime. These are exclusive powers and duties of the State. On the other hand, our Federal Government demands of every foreign government in the world that it protect Americans abroad. But it has repeatedly admitted that it is helpless to protect aliens at home. That duty reposes with the individual State. And if because of racial prejudice or mob influence the State refuses to fulfil this duty the offense goes unrequited.

But in its relation to the Japanese California has been guilty of no outrage. No violence has been done.[1] The courts have been open for recourse. Probably the land laws violate no treaty and no constitutional provision, although the poll tax does. In such a case it would do a Japanese no good to go to a State court, even if he were given a fair hearing. It would not help him if the suggestion of President Harrison that Federal courts be empowered to hear all offenses against aliens were enacted. It would not benefit him if the President of the United States, as did Mr. Roosevelt, sued out an injunction suspending the enforcement of the law in question until adjudicated by the courts. For in cases such as the California land laws there is no *legal* right involved. But at the same time a cause for complaint against the United States exists. It is not a legal question but it is a *political* question—a question of international comity and justice. Congress has the legal right to expel every alien from the country, but such an act might bring about international hostilities. California or any other State may have the legal right to deny to one class of aliens certain school privileges or property rights. But conceivably a repetition of such acts would involve the country in war. Conceivably Japan may go to war over the California land laws. But she would not go to war with California. For Japan cannot even remonstrate with California. Japan can protest only to Washington; and if war came, the whole nation would be involved. Forty-seven States of the Union may resent vigorously the action of the State of California. But in the cases under consideration the forty-seven States can do nothing. The Federal courts can do nothing. But the whole Union is nevertheless responsible for an act which (with the exception of the State which commits it) it may wholly disapprove. One State may therefore involve the whole country in war against its will. If the crisis does not reach such an acute stage, the State none the less has the power to embroil the foreign relations of the country.

This difficulty may be remedied in several ways. The treaty-making power may grant to the aliens in question the rights denied them by the State, or at least most-favored-nation treatment in all civil rights—because a treaty is the supreme law of the land. Since the decision of the Supreme Court in the Migratory Bird Treaty case, handed down in April, 1920 (the treaty itself was negotiated in 1916), there is little doubt as to the constitutionality of such treaties. If the Federal Government should hesitate to encroach upon the rights of the States in this sweeping fashion it might follow the practice of the Dominion of Canada. According to the British North America Act of 1867 the Dominion Government has "all powers" to secure the performance of the obligations of a treaty, and the Governor-General has the right to disallow the acts of the Provinces within one year. Consequently, about a dozen laws passed by the British Columbia legislature, in one way or another discriminating against the Oriental, have been vetoed. A constitutional amendment would be necessary to bestow such a power upon Congress or the President. But the need of some supervision of the acts of States affecting aliens is so obvious that the difficulties involved in its passage should not be insuperable.

[1] This was written before the Turlock deportations.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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There is a second rent in our national fabric which needs mending. Since the passage of the Eleventh Amendment after the famous case of Chisholm *vs.* Georgia, 1793, no State may be sued in a Federal court by any individual, whether alien or citizen. Since then at least eight Southern States have contracted debts, largely in England, amounting in principal to $60,000,000. These loans do not include those of the Confederacy, which cannot be collected either from the States or the Federal Government by the express wording of the Fourteenth Amendment. A banker who undertakes to finance a revolution does so at his own risk: if he backs the wrong horse, he is simply out of pocket. But these other debts, contracted for such varied purposes as to establish State banks or to guarantee interest payments to adolescent railroads, are in a different category. And the interest on this $60,000,000 has not been paid for a period varying from forty to sixty years. At 6 per cent the accrued interest today amounts to $144,400,000 which the States in question owe to European investors in addition to the principal. European creditors cannot sue for this money because of the Eleventh Amendment. They can secure no redress whatever from the Federal Government because it is not a Federal obligation. Yet international law, because of its very nature, cannot be expected to know of this curious division of responsibility.

The United States has demanded that foreign governments pay the debts owing to citizens of the United States; in several countries to the south, notably Santo Domingo, it has established active financial control in which the purpose to enforce the payment of such debts bulks large as the pretext for our intervention. It has developed a high degree of sensitiveness over the protection of American property in Mexico. Yet at the same time, the Federal Government is absolutely helpless in compelling a defaulting State to meet its foreign obligations. At home it cannot do what it insists on doing abroad!

This example has already proved pernicious. The state of Amazonas, a member of the Brazilian federation, has floated a loan in France and England which now it refuses to pay. After failing to secure satisfaction from the state the creditors turned to the Federal Government. Inspired by the example of its northern sister which strives to be the beacon light of political morality for the Western world, the Brazilian Government has calmly asserted that it is in no way responsible for debts contracted by its self-governing members! In their desperation the creditors have now turned to the financial section of the League of Nations.

Whether it enter the present League of Nations or not, the United States is bound by the inexorable logic of events to play an increasing part in the affairs of the world. For this reason, if not because of elemental honesty, it must control the acts of its States and enforce their obligations when they affect the foreign relations and the good name of the nation as a whole. If this nation is to be a nation in fact, the Eleventh Amendment must be repealed. In its place should be substituted an amendment giving the Federal Government a veto power over acts of States affecting aliens. If the word of the United States is to amount to more than a pious aspiration, it must be kept when given. Until this is done, we will have failed utterly to put in practice that hitherto unheeded maxim of James Madison, "If we are to be one nation in any respect, it clearly ought to be in respect to other nations."

An Immigrant's View

By OSCAR LEONARD

IT was one of those Americanization conferences. It was like hundreds of similar gatherings being held all over the land except in one respect—those who promoted this particular conference had exercised the good taste of inviting leaders of various immigrant groups.

They were all well-meaning men and women. There were those who felt that the time had arrived when America must have as her motto, "One People, One Language, One Flag." Some of the speeches grew a bit rabid. They voiced suspicion of any one who spoke English with a foreign accent, and looked upon every "foreigner" as a radical ready to overthrow the Government and destroy what the Pilgrim fathers had builded.

I was rather sorry for the leaders of the immigrant groups who had been invited to this conference. I felt that the sort of talk they had listened to was not calculated to bring forth open and frank opinions from them, if they spoke at all, since they were made extremely conscious of their foreign birth, their foreign accent and broken English.

The chairman called on some of the group representatives to speak. Some asked to be excused from speaking, others made somewhat inane remarks in the hope of retaining the good opinion of those who had invited them. Then a man arose. He was the leader of a "Bohemian" group, now known to the world as Czecho-Slovaks. His English was far from perfect. He promptly betrayed his origin, for he spoke with the typical accent of his people. He started in, however, without any apologies. I shall try to give here what he said as it comes back to me:

"You have called me here, ladies and gentlemen, because you want me to tell you how my people feel about this Americanization. I can tell you right now that we are all ready to become Americans. That's why we came here. Some of my people have given their lives for America. Those what did so enlisted when the call of this country came. They did not wait to be drafted. Our people are used to fight for liberty, and to us America means same like liberty. Some of our people did not like being drafted because the draft remind them of the old country. So they preferred to enlist. There are not so very many of us in this country. I did not come here to speak, so I did not bring figures. But I know it is about one-quarter of a million of my people that wore Uncle Sam's uniform.

"Of course we want to be Americans. But, we don't want to be driven to it. Our people are peculiar in that way. They are stubborn in matters of that kind. Austria found out that long ago. Maybe we would become Austrians if Austria had known how to handle us. But no. She insisted we must stop being Czechs. We must not speak our language. We must not read the books of our own writers. We must be Austrians. Our children must not learn the language of their own fathers and mothers. Austria used to say 'Be Austrians.' Austrians used to refer to us contemptuously as 'Bohemians.' Well, pretty soon we became proud of being Bohemians and said we will be such.

"Nothing will make a people cling to their language so much as forcing them in one way or another not to speak it. Some of my people went to prison for speaking what you call Bohemian. Some sacrificed their lives for writing books in

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our language. The more Austria persecuted us the dearer the language became to us.

"If you will excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I will tell you plainly that something I heard here sounded like the talk Austrians used to give to us. I mean no offense to any one. You want my opinion, and I give it to you frankly. Some Americans think that you can make people love a country by driving them to it with a club. It's like you say in your language—like trying to catch flies with vinegar. I never heard of catching flies that way, did you?

"Now, I came to this country twenty years ago. Nobody spoke to me about Americanization. No one suspected me of wanting to overthrow the Government because I spoke Bohemian. No one told me to go to night schools. Before I was here three weeks I was sitting in a night school, in New York, trying very hard to learn your language. I liked it so much that I got five other men from my shop to go with me. One of the men was an Italian, one a Pole, one a Rumanian, and the other two Slovaks. It was much easier for us who knew a little German, because the teacher who was a Russian Jew used to help us out by explaining in German when we did not understand something.

"The nights when I was not in the night school I was in the Bohemian Club. There we spoke our own language. Sundays I was there, too, and in summertime we would give picnics and have our own flag, and nobody suspected us of plotting against the Government. I wish some of you ladies and gentlemen could have been at our meetings and understand our language. You would have heard with how much love our orators spoke of America, where we were free to speak our mother tongue, and read books by our own writers, and we never closed a meeting without singing 'My Country'—and we knew it by heart, even if we did almost kill the words with our pronunciation.

"I was never ashamed in those days to read my Bohemian paper in the subway when it wasn't crowded and I got a seat. I loved America because I could do this. And my people loved America for the same reason, and when America declared war I couldn't hold back even those of my people who had wives and little children. They said in the old country they would have had to go to war even though they had wives and children. As I told you there were two hundred and fifty thousand of my people who went. Some of them are buried now, wrapped up in the Stars and Stripes. Maybe some of them did not speak very good English, maybe they whispered farewell to their wives and children as they lay there thousands of miles away not in English but in their own mother tongue, maybe they were not Americanized.

"You want to know how to Americanize my people? Well, in the first place you must know us better. You know why it is that the ward politician can handle what you call the foreign element? He knows them. Second, you must understand us. I don't mean you should learn our language, although it would help much. You must understand our soul. If you would do that you would love us a little bit. You can't win the confidence of people that you refer to as 'Wops.' Of course, I do not mean you call us that to our face. But when you call us Wops in your heart you cannot do much *with* us, you want to do something *to* us. Nobody likes that. You would not like it either. And it was one of your poets said something about a washerlady who is the same under the skin like the governor's wife. Well, people are people.

"The Austrians also looked down on us and tried to make us into Austrians. The more you try to compel people to do something the less they will do it. I guess people are so stubborn because their mothers are women. If you want us to be Americans, just do like Abraham Lincoln would have done—treat us like human beings. Our features may differ from yours, but I guess we are also made in God's image. Lincoln wouldn't have been suspicious of us. He would have made us love America by the way he would have treated us. And once people love America by the way they are treated, no one needs to Americanize them. When you love a girl you soon learn her language. I read once in a book that in the Indian tribes where the husband and the wife never learn one another's language there is not even the word love in either of the languages.

"The best way to make an enemy of somebody is to suspect him of being your enemy. You ladies and gentlemen can Americanize my people by making them see that America is a free country, that here at least they can speak their language and have their clubs. They will soon enough want to know the language of this country and to join American clubs. As for the second generation, the schools will take care of them. But, teach your children not to call our children names, and not to tell them that because their fathers and mothers speak Bohemian they are Bolsheviks, or Reds, or things like that.

"Remember that the blood of these Bohemians is now mixed up with the blood of your own Yankees in the big fight to make the world safe for democracy. All I can tell you is, if you practice democracy Americanization will come of itself. I thank you."

In the Driftway

EVER since the days when he collected stamps and coins the Drifter has had a passion for those infinitesimal relics of feudalism, Liechtenstein and Andorra, Monaco and San Marino, tiny fish in the European sea which by the trick of fate escaped gobbling by the growing state-whales. Somewhere the Drifter must still have a San Marino sou with which a tourist aunt once stirred his numismatic breast; once he came near enough to Andorra to glimpse its snow-capped peaks from a pass near Ax-les-Thermes; and he warmly recalls the pride with which he told a friend where San Marino was when San Marino with all its army declared war on the Central Powers. Now, on behalf of these beloved feudal relics (which he has never seen and which, therefore, he can still view through a haze of romance) he is jealous. The Allies are creating new pin-prick republics.

* * * * *

MEMEL, after all, is well enough, for Memel is but a forgotten fishing-port which even now knows nothing of modern rush and bustle. The accident which maintains homesick French troops in that desolate Baltic village has its amusing aspects. Memel was to have been the Lithuanian Danzig; it was detached from Germany, transferred by the Grace of Woodrow, Georges, and David to the "Allied and Associated Powers," and in due course of time, when Lithuania attained an "organized government," it was to have been presented on a silver platter to prove the Allies' devotion to the cause of small nationalities. But the silly Lithuanians, who might peaceably have annexed themselves

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to Poland and thereby have enrolled themselves on the honor list of anti-Bolsheviks (they might even have shared the glories of another grand defeat), turned their backs on the Allies and committed peace with the Bolsheviks. Naturally the Allies could not present Memel to so peaceable a republic, however organized its government; so the homesick French soldiers still eat fish in Memel. And it is very cold in Memel in winter, and very hot in summer. The Drifter, sympathetic though he be to any homesick mortal, cannot suppress a chuckle.

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BUT Danzig is another matter. Danzig is booming and prosperous. It is a small country that fairly revels in high finance. Statesmanship and diplomacy, though more than half unwittingly, have given the Free City of Danzig every possible advantage—so the sleepy old Hansa town is losing its musty charm and is becoming a mere Polish Hamburg. Danzig is not part of Germany, so it skips German war debts (though there are rumors that if it continues to prosper the Allies will discover some fat debts for it); yet Danzig is not part of Poland, so it eludes Polish *Misswirtschaft* and pays no taxes to support the Polish army. Yet Danzig is Poland's port, and all the trade of Poland passes through and pays toll as it passes. (That is another of the pretty ironies of statesmanship. Danzig, before the days of German national unity and *Grossmachtpolitik*, was Poland's natural outlet to the sea, and prospered by the trade in grain and wood. Then, after 1870, Germany got protectionitis, and imposed all manner of customs duties on Polish products. Result: Russia developed the port of Libau, and Polish trade followed that unnatural route while Danzig languished in a picturesque idleness much dearer to the Drifter than its present bustle. Today, with no tariff on Polish goods, Danzig prospers, and it is Libau, now separated from Poland by a new tariff frontier, which languishes.) The Drifter resents so industrious and hustling a small state as present-day Danzig.

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TO be sure, Danzig has its Zoppot. But for Zoppot, all the Polish trade in the world could not keep Danzig free from debt. For Danzig, unlike Liechtenstein and Andorra and San Marino, is disgustingly up to date and insists upon all the modern luxuries of harbor police and schools, police courts and sewage systems, street lights, pavements, salaried officials, and other expensive frills. Hence the need of Zoppot to fatten the Free City's purse. Zoppot is the Monte Carlo of the Baltic. It is the high gaming-place of the northern world. You can reach it from Germany or from Poland by aeroplane (thus dispensing with the formality of a passport visa); and you can lose your money there quite as rapidly and almost as genteelly as at Monte Carlo. Half the croupiers are guaranteed genuine Russian refugee princes and grand dukes. A private company administers the Casino, but Danzig supervises it and leaves it only 11⅓ per cent of its profits. Zoppot lends ovmodern Danzig a certain picturesqueness, a charm not unrelated to that of the good old-time pirate adventures.

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AND now the Allies talk of making an independent state of that desert of smoke and soot, of ultra-modern luxury and ultra-modern misery, which is Upper Silesia. The Drifter protests. Small states should be sleepy and unprogressive, forgotten except by small boy collectors of stamps and coins. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Twelve-Fold Tax in Haiti

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the untold suffering of the Haitian people for the last six years a new and even more terrifying chapter is to be added. The Occupation is about to put through a *twelve-fold* increase in the land tax. The avowed purpose of this tax is to put through "improvements," irrigation chiefly, but it is clear that it is designed largely to cover up the squandered revenues of the nation for the last six years and to make a belated attempt, now that the world's attention is focused on Santo Domingo and Haiti, to make up for the absence of any constructive work during the American Occupation hitherto. This new tax will have no other effect than to dispossess the little Haitian landowners, the humble peasant class, who form the backbone and the overwhelming majority of the Haitian population. These people have held their land, handing it down from father to son, for over a century since the founding of the republic. However they suffered in consequence of the Occupation, they at least felt themselves safe from starvation and utter destitution as long as they held their little land which enabled them to raise foodstuffs to support themselves. This new tax, which they will be unable to pay, means that the lands will be forfeited to the "state"—the Occupation—and then be purchased by American corporations for a mere song.

The Haitian peasant is already heavily taxed. He now pays $3 export duty for every hundred pounds of coffee. (And it should be remembered here that while before the Occupation the American dollar was the equivalent of the Haitian gourde, the Occupation arbitrarily reduced the value of Haitian currency by four-fifths so that the present tax in dollars represents five times its equivalent before the Occupation.) He pays $1.75 export tax on each hundred pounds of cocoa; $1.90 per thousand pounds of logwood; $3 per thousand pounds of mahogany; $1.90 per thousand pounds of cedar.

It will of course be given out by the Occupation that this new act of oppression has been put into effect by President Dartiguenave. It has. The President and his council of state are the mere creatures and rubber stamps of the Occupation. Even they learned through bitter experience what it means to oppose the wishes of the over-lord when their pay was held up and they faced not only the loss of the shadow of dignity which holding office gives them, but the prospect of seeing whatever measures the Occupation desired put into effect willy-nilly. Of course the recently reestablished martial law, which subjects any critic of the Occupation to trial by court martial with consequent fine and imprisonment, is effective in preventing the protest against the pending taxation which every Haitian burns to express.

New York, August 1 STENIO VINCENT

Which Is the True Principle?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue for July 20, you have a page devoted to a discussion of what you term Our Menace to Mexico. You express the basic principle, which presumably has served as the premise upon which your previous discussions and conclusions regarding the Mexican question have been founded, as follows: "The simple fact is that if Mexico wishes to make Article 27 of the Constitution retroactive it has the right to do so, provided only that in doing so it in no wise discriminates against Americans, but treats Mexicans, Englishmen, French, and Americans, and all the rest exactly alike."

This seems to me a rather astounding principle. It certainly is directly contrary to all of the established precepts

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of international law; and, to my mind, strikes at the very foundations, not only of foreign intercourse, but of civilization itself. Surely if the principle were established that properties lawfully acquired are subject to confiscation, provided only that the properties of natives and foreigners alike be confiscated, there would be few investments made in any foreign country. Furthermore, if such a principle were established, the fundamental notion upon which our present civilization is founded will have been swept aside and with it all incentive to production, saving, and investing. In international affairs exactly the contrary principle has been established; and governments, on more than one occasion, have prevented the confiscation of the investments and properties of their nationals in a foreign country. So far as my knowledge goes such a principle obtains locally only in Russia and Mexico.

Your statement of the principle, however, will have a clarifying effect, because the statement of the principle correctly raises the issue involved in the Mexican question. That issue has been and is this: May Mexico (or any other nation for that matter), at its mere will, confiscate investments lawfully made and properties legally acquired within its borders by citizens of foreign nations? Under my view of the correct principle in the matter, the attitude which the United States has assumed toward the Government of President Obregon is both logical and moral. Mr. Hughes has not in any wise asked President Obregon, or suggested to him, that he violate the Constitution of Mexico. He has said that what the United States wants is "an agreement of the *nation* in binding form." Under Article 89, Section 10, of the Constitution of 1917, which is identical with the provisions of Article 85, Section 10, of the Constitution of 1857, the President of Mexico is expressly given the power to "make treaties with foreign Powers, submitting them for ratification to the Congress." What Congress might do with the treaty may be open to question, but is wholly beside the point; the fact being that Obregon has given out the wholly erroneous and unwarranted statement that the Constitution prevents him from signing a treaty.

If compliance by President Obregon with the request of the American Government would, as you suggest, "bring the whole Mexican situation down about his ears," that is undoubtedly unfortunate from the standpoint of President Obregon; but how it can affect the equities and right of the matter many of us fail to understand. It is my personal opinion, however, that there is no justification for such a suggestion. It implies that the whole Mexican nation advocates a confiscatory plan in violation of the principles of international conduct and the most elementary ideas of justice and right. Such an intimation does grave injustice to the body of Mexican citizens.

New York, July 27 GUY STEVENS

Turlock Nearly Another Tulsa

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The expected has happened. Almost daily, for more than two years the yellow press and certain politicians in California have been accusing and abusing the Japanese and exaggerating and otherwise grossly misrepresenting the Japanese situation. That campaign of abuse and exaggeration has finally borne fruit. On last Wednesday morning here in Turlock, which is a town in Central San Joaquin Valley whose growth and prosperity has depended almost entirely upon the cantaloupe industry, a well-organized mob conservatively estimated at from 150 to 200, kidnapped and deported fifty-eight Japanese who were employed as cantaloupe pickers on adjoining ranches. Operating in the dead of night the mob, with a military precision and discipline, went from house to house and roused the Japanese from their beds, loaded them on motor trucks, and took them to Keyes, a town six miles north of here. There a freight train was stopped by the mob leaders, and the Japanese loaded aboard and warned not to return. Fortunately there was no bloodshed, and but small application of purely physical force, but the mob was armed, displaying guns as well as heavy clubs, and but for the peaceableness of the Japanese, who offered no resistance, Turlock might have been another Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Now that the disgraceful affair is over, and public sentiment is setting in against it, the citizens of Turlock, whose first attitude apparently was one of condonement, if not open approval, are endeavoring to place the blame upon a number of white migratory fruit workers who had come there seeking employment, and the usual loud cries about I. W. W.'s and Bolshevists are being heard. But migratory workers and I. W. W.'s do not own and operate huge motor trucks, a fact which of itself furnishes pretty conclusive proof that these people had little to do with the outbreak. Furthermore, the fact that the Mayor of Turlock has now ousted the two night policemen, who very strangely did not respond to the many flashes of the big red police signal light and who quite as strangely were nowhere in evidence while the kidnapping was going on, furnishes further satisfactory proof that the raid was not the work of a few transients, but rather of townspeople.

Now as this is written the peace officers—who claim to "have the situation well in hand"—have jailed two migratory workers and charged them with kidnapping. Meanwhile the Japanese Exclusion League of California and various of the anti-Japanese agitators are rushing into print to deplore the kidnapping and deportation, but unless they abate the practices they have resorted to in the past and cease doing those things calculated to inflame the public and incite the weaker-minded portion of it to violence, we cannot be assured that the disgraceful Turlock episode will not be repeated.

At a time when the attention of the whole world is being focused upon world disarmament it is unfortunate that California, with its irresponsible agitators, should continually furnish incidents that are bound to promote international misunderstanding and endanger the peace of the world.

Turlock, California, July 21 WARREN RYDER

Persia Not a Soviet Government

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice in your edition of June 15 that you speak of Persia in one of your articles as a Soviet government. This is erroneous. Persia has never been and never can be a Soviet government on account of her Mohammedan religion, which will not allow them such form of government.

In the first part of June we had a change of Cabinet which was headed by His Highness, Ghavam-es-Saltaneh, who has held on different occasions some high positions in our Cabinet and he formed a very strong Cabinet, composed of the most prominent men of Persia, not at all inclined to sovietism.

I would like to call to your attention that there has been no change in our form of government since 1906, when it became a constitutional, parliamentary government, and is still so.

Washington, D. C., July 13 SADIGH-ES-SALTANEH,
Minister of Persia

[Presumably the Persian Minister has the facts regarding his changing government. *The Nation* did not, however, "speak of Persia as a Soviet government." Referring to an Associated Press dispatch which mentioned the "new Persian Soviet government," *The Nation* commented on the casual manner in which such statements are tossed out to an unprepared public, and remarked that no reading of previous dispatches "gave any American the slightest intimation that the government which arose in Persia after the English retreated was of the soviet variety." If we assumed too readily the ultimate accuracy of the Associated Press we are glad to have the impression thus created promptly corrected.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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Books

The History and Method of Science

Studies in the History and Method of Science. Edited by Charles Singer. Volume II. The Oxford University Press.

WHEN one remembers in what lowly estate Science has suffered in the past, from the arrogance of the philosophers, from the rage of the theologians, and from the contempt of the men of the world, and when one compares this with the esteem in which she is now held, it seems that the fable of Cinderella has again come true and that the poor wench once despised for doing the chores of mankind and as fit for nothing else, had at last married the fairy prince and come into the kingdom, while her two haughty sisters, Politics and Religion, must be content with what humble place in the court of History she allows them. Long and arduous has been the path from the times when the Egyptian drew triangles on the sand and the Chaldean plotted the course of the planets, to the time when Michelson has measured the stars and Langmuir has analyzed the atom. And it is Science that has redeemed history from the reproach cast at it by Balfour, of being merely "a discreditable episode in the life of one of the meaner planets." Many parallels can be found to Gibbon's definition of history as "the record of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind," but their makers were invariably thinking of political and religious history. The conquests of the mind have been matchless in their wonder, in their beneficence, and in their dazzling success.

It is, therefore, with much delight that we hail the second volume of Mr. Singer's series, and welcome his promise, almost too good to believe, that he will in future supply us with one volume of this size—a quarto of 581 pages—every year. For the amateur the history of science offers a particularly attractive field, for the earlier stages of each discipline are the most easily understood. There is nothing in the present volume beyond the grasp of any college graduate; and there is very little in it that is not, at the same time, a useful and important contribution to the subject treated.

The range is extraordinarily wide; many periods, many branches of knowledge, many aspects of thought, are investigated. The work of Greek, of Armenian, and of many medieval and modern thinkers is evaluated. Mr. Platt expounds Aristotle on the heart; Mr. Child, Archimedes's principle of the balance; while Mr. Singer himself makes a thoughtful comparison of Greek and of modern biology. The chief difference of method he finds in the a priori habit of the Greek as against the strictly empirical tendency of recent workers. A fourth paper by Mr. Withington, on the Asclepiadae, labors to prove that Hellenic medicine was not religious in its origin.

In view of the recent sensational discovery of a manuscript in cipher, believed by Professor Newbold to contain startling revelations from the pen of Roger Bacon, many people will turn with much interest to Mr. Steele's article on this marvelous man. Without knowing the new manuscript he says much that confirms its alleged purport. For example, he shows clearly that Bacon had some sort of telescope and a burning glass; from which instruments arose the medieval legends that he was a wizard who, by means of magic glasses, could light a candle and could see any person he wanted, in any part of the world. Bacon planned a flying machine, and, more practically, a sort of crank, worked by human hands, which would propel a boat or a wagon. Furthermore he invented a jack or something like it worked by pulleys, hinted at a magic lantern, and described gunpowder. The work on the telescope is not known to exist (unless it turns out to be the Newbold manuscript), but it fell into the hands of Leonard Digges in 1579, and was utilized by him in the construction of a spyglass.

Mr. Hopstock's study of Leonardo da Vinci as an anatomist, beautifully illustrated from the artist's own exquisite drawings, tends to raise the already high reputation of the Italian in this field. Indeed, Mr. Hopstock shows that his main interest in life was science, and that his artistic achievements, wonderful as these are, serve but to disguise a modern biologist as a medieval painter. Pity that his work should have remained for nearly four centuries almost unknown, very little having been published before 1901.

An extremely valuable study of Galileo, based on the new edition of his works, completed in 1920, is offered by Mr. Fahie. Destitute of the high theoretical genius of a Copernicus, of a Newton, or of an Einstein, Galileo was endowed with that rare ingenuity and faculty of observation that enabled him to look at nature "as if he had been one of God's spies." He was barely eighteen when he noticed, what had escaped everyone since the world began, the fact that pendulums oscillate regularly in periods of time varying with their length. First he measured the swinging by his pulse; then he used the pendulum to measure the variations of the pulse, and finally he applied it to making clocks, the first really accurate chronometers. Next he made the famous experiment of dropping two weights, one of ten pounds and one of one pound, from the top of the leaning tower of Pisa, thus proving that they fell to the ground in the same time and that Aristotle was wrong in the assertion that the heavier fell faster. Next he invented an air thermometer, and then constructed a telescope from the description of one brought him from the Netherlands. With this he made the astounding discoveries that the fixed stars are many times more numerous than could be seen with the naked eye, that Jupiter had moons and Saturn had a peculiar formation now described as a ring but by Galileo as a triple star, and that the sun had spots and revolved on its axis. All this was too much for the church to bear with equanimity, and the Holy Office opened war on him with a denunciation beginning with the punning text: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" At the requirement of the censors of the press, Galileo's defense of the Copernican system was changed into a dialogue giving the arguments both for and against it without decision, but even so it was too dangerous to faith, and its author was compelled, under threat of torture before the Inquisition, to "abjure, curse, and detest, with unfeigned faith and sincere heart . . . the errors and heresies" that the sun was the center of the solar system and that the earth moved around it.

Among the various essays on method that of Jenkinson on Science and Metaphysics is a little disappointing; that of F. S. Marvin on Science and the Unity of Mankind is encouraging; and that of F. C. S. Schiller on Hypothesis is brilliant. Making good his favorite distinction between the rationalistic and the voluntaristic logic, he shows that whereas hypothesis is treated by the former as an unverified concept in contrast with the settled truths, by the latter all knowledge must be regarded as hypothesis subject to revision. As an example he takes the atom, at first a metaphysical invention, then treated as a working theory, and finally, by a dramatic and ironical revolution in physics, ripened into a "fact" at the very time when the atom was exploded and resolved into constituent parts. The Oxford pragmatist then points out the immense importance of hypothesis in investigation. Those who say, with Newton, "hypotheses non fingo," soon get their subjects so cluttered up with "facts" that further advance is impossible. This is now actually the case with physics where no theory will fit or explain all the observed phenomena, and where, therefore, progress is difficult. The only essential of hypothesis is that it be plastic and corrigible, for no amount of verification can avoid the possibility that further research may destroy its validity. Demonstration, in short, is not the proof that the deduction from a certain premise is true, but the news that it fits the facts well enough to be treated provisionally as true. Theory is a game of chance, one might almost say a bet, in which the stakes are action.

PRESERVED SMITH

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In Russia

The Crisis in Russia. By Arthur Ransome. B. W. Huebsch, Inc.
The Russian Workers' Republic. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Harper and Brothers.

LESS than three years ago Mr. Ransome saw in the Russian Revolution the fulfilment of Shelley's vision: "Shake your chains to earth like dew. . . . Ye are many, they are few." Today, after renewed contact with Russian realities, his talk is all of Babbitt metal, boiler tubes, piston rings—ammunition needed in the grim battle with economic disintegration. Chains forged by centuries of hatred, oppression, and ignorance are not to be shaken off like dew. Their embrace is that of the Laocoon serpents, and the end may be strangulation. Those—Mr. Brailsford and Mr. Ransome are not among them—who would rather see Russia strangled than saved by Communists will take heart as they study in these two books the scrupulously documented reports of the economic crisis.

That crisis is acute. On this point the two English observers agree with our Secretary of State, whose recent summary could hardly be improved upon: "The devastation of industry in Russia has been so complete, the poverty of the country is so acute, the people are so hungry, and the demand for commodities is so great that at present Russia represents a gigantic economic vacuum." Seeing no likelihood of improvement "under the present political and economic system in Russia," Secretary Hughes concludes: "Though there is almost no limit to the amount and variety of commodities urgently needed by Russia, the purchasing power of that country is now at a minimum, and the demand must consequently remain unsatisfied." The logic of capitalism is ruthless. Humanism, which sets human values above property values, has another logic. Give Russia machines and locomotives, says Mr. Brailsford; "if there were among the Allies even one man with the imagination of a statesman, the half-employed metal industry of Germany and Austria would be aided, if necessary, with credits, to make machines for the half-tilled fields of Russia." Are not revolutionary and non-revolutionary governments fighting the same enemy—economic collapse? Their hostility to each other is in Mr. Ransome's opinion a "lunatic incident," disguising the far more serious struggle "for the salvage of what is left of European civilization." "When countries, each one severally doing its best to arrest its private economic ruin, do their utmost to accelerate the economic ruin of each other, we are witnessing something very like the suicide of civilization itself." Humanists like Mr. Brailsford and Mr. Ransome obviously belong in a hospital for the hopelessly sane.

Underlying the capitalist position is the assumption that communism is chiefly responsible for the economic disintegration in Russia. Both the English writers, after studiously careful observation and analysis and comparison with conditions in Central Europe and the Baltic states, reject that assumption. They do not hold the dictatorship accountable for the ruin which it is fighting—fighting with a program and by methods that in their judgment any clear-sighted and determined government would have in the main to adopt. A State Department, moving serenely among certitudes in a perplexing world, can affirm that communism, not blockade or civil war, is to blame for the degeneration, among others, of the textile industry. But consider Mr. Brailsford's textile factory in the forest near Vladimir. (His intensive study of a manageable provincial town and district is illuminating in every aspect.) Sobinka received its coal from the Donetz basin, five hundred miles away; its oil from Baku, a thousand miles away; its cotton from Turkestan, two thousand miles overland. Civil war cut off coal and oil and forced resort to forest and peat bog for fuel; it mobilized the horses and left handcarts; it interfered with the cotton supply, and even after the defeat of Denikin, damaged coal-mines, broken bridges, and wrecked traffic-yards had to be repaired before cotton could come through. Meanwhile Turkestan had stopped growing unmarketable cotton. Then the Polish attack drew off twelve hundred of the thirty-two hundred active workers. In spite of all, communism at Sobinka did produce cloth for the army, and a narrow-gauge railway to the turf-fields, besides such unsalable products as crèches, kindergartens, classes for the illiterate, a library, and a theater. The creative will was at work, building even amid hunger and nakedness.

More fundamental than even blockade and civil war in producing the crisis in Russia is the entirely non-communist agrarian revolution. Return to the land from army and factory, and dispossession of the landlords, set in before the bolshevik revolution. Had Lenin "behaved with the utmost constitutional propriety," Mr. Brailsford believes that Russia would none the less have been by the early months of 1918 in the full tide of agrarian revolution. In the very hour when the Communists proclaimed the dictatorship of the proletariat, "the proletariat itself began to vanish under their eyes. . . . A spontaneous agrarian revolution was taking place around them and below them, a movement inspired by none of their ideals, a primitive, formless, leaderless impulse of land-hunger." Workmen continue to drift to the villages, where there is food, thus increasing the labor shortage and reducing the output of manufactured goods for which the peasants are willing to exchange food. The village tends toward independence. Can the Communists pull through the present crisis far enough to satisfy the temporary needs of the peasantry and lift the blockade of town by country? "I think we can," Lenin told Mr. Ransome, "but I do not know that we can." Mr. Brailsford, catching in the villages—with their superstition, waste, illiteracy, and passive sloth—a glimpse of the gulf between the twentieth century and the twelfth, sees the battle only beginning between "an Oriental conservatism and a modern and Western view of life. Lenin continues the unfinished work of Peter the Great."

Peter was not gentle in his methods. The method of Lenin is a dictatorship. The fact of the dictatorship is denied least of all by the dictators. This government of a minority is unsoftened by "ceremonial usages" in vogue elsewhere to disguise minority rule. The Soviet machinery is in abeyance, and the Soviet "represents" only the Communist Party. Control, secured by adroit seizure of the decisive tactical positions—Soviets, trades unions, army—is now virtually in the hands of a group inside the Central Committee of the party. It relies much less on coercion and terrorism than on elaborately organized discussions and ingenious educational propaganda. (No one should miss Mr. Ransome's chapter on the amazing picture trains.) The strength of the dictatorship lies in the six hundred thousand Communists who are "the leaven, the active, nervous, conscious element in the sluggish Russian body." Zealous, self-sacrificing, audacious, disciplined, with a faith "alternately stupid and sublime," they recall in both their good and their evil traits, now the Jesuits and now Cromwell's army of Puritans.

Suppose this seizure of power inevitable in a desperate emergency. Suppose the dictatorship to be acting, even when it coerces them, "for the sole good of the masses." Will it cling to the power it has seized when the emergency has passed? And how far is it to be feared by capitalistic governments as the fomenter of revolution? If we may trust Mr. Brailsford, Mr. Ransome, and the American Lincoln Steffens—all seasoned observers—the dictatorship is preparing the way for its own disappearance by an educational policy that aims at the prompt enlightenment of the whole nation, that is ripening the people for responsibility and power. This educational system is based not on principles of passivity, receptivity, and discipline, but on self-initiative and activity. "As I watched the elder children debating, questioning, and governing themselves," says Mr. Brailsford, "I realized that by its educational policy alone the dictatorship has set a time limit to its own permanence."

As for making a world revolution: "Moscow cannot make a

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revolution in Europe. She can only reap where we have sowed despair. . . . The men who can make it, the men whose mad fear of it dooms them to prepare it, are to be sought not in Moscow, but in Paris." Mr. Ransome hopes that before the roof falls in upon the burning house of Europe, the fire brigades fighting each other will come to their senses. That hope looks pale before the facts of the gigantic economic vacuum in Russia, to which our State Department has referred, and the gigantic intellectual vacuum elsewhere, to which it would be superfluous for state departments to refer. DOROTHY BREWSTER

Pan-America

Pan-Americanism; Its Beginnings. By Joseph Byrne Lockey. The Macmillan Company.

The United States and Latin America. By John Holladay Latané. Doubleday, Page and Company.

AMONG the signs which promise an improvement in international comity in the Three Americas is the increased attention that is being paid by students of history and politics in the United States to relations between the Hispanic-American nations and other states. Some of the fruits of this attention are shown by the volumes under review.

In an introductory chapter Mr. Lockey culls excerpts about the meaning of Pan-Americanism from writers in North and South America since the age of James G. Blaine. He expresses the opinion that from the common struggle for independence by American nations a body of principles has been evolved which embody the meaning of Pan-Americanism. Those principles he believes to be as follows: independence, community of political ideals, territorial integrity, law instead of force, non-intervention, equality, and cooperation. Thus it is that in the light of a concept of American international comity which has only been foreshadowed in the United States during the last half-century, Mr. Lockey considers what he terms the beginnings of Pan-Americanism.

The pages in his book which are actually concerned with these beginnings are found in the latter half of the book. One chapter describes certain projects which were formed for continental union in the Americas before 1825. Here is discussed a project which that ardent apostle of Spanish-American independence, Francisco de Miranda, formed for the liberation of his native land. Attention is paid to the attitude of Thomas Jefferson and James Wilkinson toward a Pan-American ideal. The fantastic design of William Thornton for the division of the Americas into thirteen commonwealths, which were to be patterned somewhat after the United States, is considered in some detail. Henry Clay's "system" for the organization of the American nations is suggested. Among the views of Hispanic-American leaders about relations between the nations of America are described those of Juan Egaña, Mariano Moreno, and Martínez de Rosas. Special attention is given to the opinions of Simón Bolívar about inter-American relations as well as to the treaties of confederation which an agent of Great Colombia negotiated with Peru and Chile.

Another chapter considers the Congress composed of delegates from certain nations of Hispanic America which in June and July, 1826, assembled on the Isthmus of Panama to deliberate about the relations of American states. The policy of careful observation which the English Government adopted in regard to the Panama Congress is fully described. The well-known attitude which the Government of the United States assumed toward the Congress is dwelt upon at considerable length. Some attention is then given to a topic which has been little investigated, the policy pursued toward this Congress by the governments of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile.

Viewed from the standpoint of those students of international comity who consider Pan-Americanism as a tendency upon the part of the independent nations of America to group themselves together, many pages of this portion of Mr. Lockey's book deal not with Pan-Americanism but with what may be strictly designated Hispanic-Americanism; namely, a tendency of the nations of Spanish and Portuguese origin to associate themselves. The available evidence would indeed almost justify one in designating the spirit of internationalism displayed in America during the age to which Mr. Lockey devotes his volume as Spanish-Americanism. For in the tendency of the Hispanic-American nations to group themselves together the Brazilian Empire apparently played a small part, while the aspirations of Adams and Clay for closer relations among the American nations did not arouse much enthusiasm in the United States.

If the title of Mr. Lockey's volume, which discusses the role of Hispanic America in world politics during the epoch from 1810 to 1830, is somewhat misleading, what shall we say about the title to Mr. Latané's book? In reality the relations between the United States and Hispanic America which Mr. Latané considers are almost exclusively diplomatic; and, indeed, his book is merely a revised and considerably enlarged edition of a monograph now out of print which he published in 1900 with the title of "The Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America"—a monograph which was rightly hailed as being an important contribution to the study of inter-American relations. He has not in all cases made full use of the considerable body of material added to the subject by other investigators in the past twenty years. He does, however, utilize new material in a compendious account of the development of the interests of the United States in the Caribbean Sea. His chapter on Pan-Americanism, which sketches the history of the Pan-American ideal from 1826 to the present day, is an excellent antidote and supplement to Mr. Lockey's pages about early Pan-Americanism. The last chapter of Mr. Latané is mainly concerned with certain recent phases of the Doctrine of Monroe. To a Negro republic which has recently been accorded considerable attention in the pages of *The Nation* he gives about as much space as to Brazil—the largest state of Hispanic America.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

Renan

Ernest Renan. By Lewis Freeman Mott. D. Appleton and Company.

MR. MOTT'S book is the first adequate estimate in English letters of Renan's career and work. Such an estimate has been long overdue. No one aiming at a modern intellectual equipment can afford to ignore the distinguished writer who contributed so much to the literary glory of France in the nineteenth century. Renan was much more than the most admired prose stylist of his day. In his own specific department as a humanist and an historian of the origins of Christianity he exercised an enormous influence on European thought, an influence not to be measured by any mere rise or decline in his established reputation. It is this fact that gives timeliness as well as importance to Mr. Mott's research. Renan was a pioneer on a road along which all striving spirits are nowadays traveling. The express purpose of his life was nothing less than to make possible a new religion, a religion which a man in the twentieth century might accept without bowing to the absurdities of supernaturalism or turning his back on the specific evidence of each of his five senses, to say nothing of the collective evidence of common sense. Renan thus undertook to do for French thought what Samuel Butler, a little later on, set out to do for English thought. That is, he undertook to give religion a backbone of science, and science the nervous force of religion.

Upon Renan's undertaking, as upon Butler's, the reigning scientific and theological coteries looked with little rapture. But the contemptuous indifference and the silent antagonism that

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put the extinguisher on Butler were far less successful in Renan's case, partly because the French are not so hostile to new ideas as the English, and partly because Renan conducted his campaign with greater concessiveness and suavity. Touching the root of the matter, however, he was quite as firm as his English contemporary. When the leaders of orthodoxy complained that science was causing men to lose their faith, Renan did not stop to deny the charge. He simply pointed out that, though the growth of knowledge might destroy a particular faith, it could never destroy the habit of faith, which was too deeply ingrained in the very germ of the human species. What he frankly proposed to do with this precious habit was first to detach it from a belief in the discredited superstitions of man's past, and then to attach it to a belief in the achievements of man's future. Needless to add, men of science were to organize the advance; Science itself was to become the all-important instrument of man's destiny, a destiny of magnificent moral grandeur; and devotion to Science was to take the place of devotion to the Church, a substitution which occupied Renan's mind so literally that at one time he "even thought of writing the lives of the Saints of Science." Clearly his absorption in the cause of national enlightenment was profound. Yet Renan never ceased to feel that the heart has a reason that reason cannot shake. Mr. Mott's account makes it patent that in this attitude, at once the source and the solvent of his so-called contradictions, Renan was consistent to the end. "A new faith, a new religion, this is what he had in view."

Fastidious, sympathetic translations by Mr. Mott of passages from "The Future of Science," the "History of the People of Israel," and the "Origins of Christianity" will enable the reader to form his own conception of the tenacity with which Renan held to his central purpose. At his death in 1892 at least one part of this purpose has been realized. The age of dogma was dead. Civilized people, having abandoned the belief in man's original sin, were now clutching at the belief in man's final perfection. Certainly, as far as the letter went, the Thirty-nine Articles had gone the way of all flesh, the sole surviving article of revealed religion being that there is no article of revealed religion. It had almost become fashionable to regard the laws and the prophets, the gospels and the epistles as revelations in the same sense in which Renan's own work, or the work of any creative genius, is a revelation of the divinity in man. And some keen spirits were even venturing to credit Renan with prophetic insight for having said that the human race would be under the necessity of creating a just God, though it should take untold centuries to accomplish the task. Samuel Butler had doubtless meant much the same thing when he remarked that "an honest God's the noblest work of man!"

Mr. Mott's study is not a picture of Renan seen through a corner of the painter's temperament. It is not a product of clever journalism, concentrating with partisan passion on a selected angle of the subject. It is a work of gifted scholarship. The panorama of Renan's career—the breach with the Church, the romantic advent of Michel Lévy, the sensational quarrel over the professorship of Hebrew ending in the "To hell with your money" episode, the tilt with Strauss during the Franco-Prussian War, the fast and furious sale of the "Life of Jesus" (the "incomparable Man")—these and other crises are unrolled before us with scholarly cunning. Imperceptibly we achieve the dramatic miracle of seeing Renan as we see ourselves, and of meeting his reverses and victories as though they were our own. Nor is there any cooking of the evidence with this end in view. Each essential fact is carefully documented and fortified by telescoped abridgments of contemporary opinion, while well-chosen excerpts from Renan's own notes, letters, essays, and books illustrate at first hand the course of the philosopher's development. Thus the record speaks for itself, and speaks with a living voice. The recorder, indeed, uses with authority a method resembling that of Renan, who, "not much given to praise or blame, places his personages in the current and by unimpassioned statement leaves the admiration or the horror they excite to the sentiments of his readers." "Ernest Renan" derives its unity from a successful representation of the unity of Renan's life, the unity of a subtle, skeptical, disenchanted intellect dominated by the deep faith of a prophetic soul. "A skeptic who, where his skepticism makes a hole, stops up the hole with his mysticism" is the way Sainte-Beuve describes his great countryman. From Mr. Mott's book Renan emerges as the devoted servant of the evolution of Life, the tireless artist-worker, who said of Amiel: "The man who has time to keep a diary has never understood the immensity of the universe."

FELIX GRENDON

Purity in the Sixth Printing

Hunger. By Knut Hamsun. Sixth Printing. Alfred A. Knopf.

GEORG BRANDES once said, speaking of American letters: "Your literature, ah, I have no hope! Your books *are written by old maids for old maids.*" *Not all, we hasten to* append. We have an increasing number of writers who fall foul of the professional guardians of our literary morals. Consider the roll of suppressions and attempted suppressions for 1920-21, and consider the list of emasculate translations which have issued from American publishing houses during that period.

Just now Hamsun's "Hunger" has been put under the knife. The "sixth large printing" shows a decided limp and traces of clumsy stitching. Somewhere between the fifth and sixth printing the book has lost three pages. Just how or why it came by this loss seems to be a very dark mystery indeed. The publishing office, refusing even to admit that any excisions have been made, whispers vaguely the name of John Sumner. Mr. Sumner puts the matter directly back to Mr. Knopf, and "prefers not to speak." And as the public has no rights in the case "Hunger" seems destined to round out its adventurous career in America as a member of our great army of literary emasculates.

For "Hunger" has had something of a career in this country. Ten years ago Mr. Viggo Eberlin, Danish editor and journalist, at that time connected with the New York Public Library, found that inquiries for the book were received at the library every day. He communicated this information to a translator of Norwegian and gave it as his opinion that an American edition would be popular. The translator "Englished" a number of specimen pages and took them to a well-known publisher. The publisher handed them back with the information that the plates of George Egerton's original English edition, published in 1899 by Leonard Smithers and Company of London, had been reposing in his storeroom for several years. America, he said, was not ripe for a book of that sort. The translation project was dropped. In 1920, behind the publicity barrage of the Nobel Prize, which Hamsun won in that year, "Hunger" was issued as a Borzoi book. The translation was that made by George Egerton (Mrs. Golding Bright) in that naughty nineties. There is some pretty strong stuff in the Norwegian original of the book, but George Egerton handled it with fine, unshrinking honesty. Herself a novelist of considerable distinction, with a gift for keen psychological study and a strong naturalistic bent, she was one of the best equipped persons in England to do the work. And she succeeded admirably in recreating a work of art in another language. Her translation was well received here at first, and there seemed to be no particular complaint from the Pure. One, two, three, four, five, printings appeared. Then, presto, the knife!

It might prove diverting to check up all the excisions in the sixth printing of "Hunger." A few must suffice. There is one on page 198, several on page 199 and on the four pages following, and from pages 246-247 seven paragraphs have been dropped. On page 197 the censor does not deny us the information that "When I went to bed last night I settled my arm

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for you . . . so . . . as if you lay on it." But on page 201 things are evened up again. There the fact that a young lady has "buttoned up her frock" is rigorously kept from us. And so we go on through the scene in the room on "Ylajali" apparently on the basis of "one for Hamsun, one for the censor." It is a pleasant little game of give and take. The excision on pages 246-247, the scene at the inn, shows that our censor has romantic leanings. He lets us know of the "magnificently fanatical harlot who had sinned . . . at the foot of the altar, with the altar cloth under her head, not from weakness or desire but for hate against heaven." She is a creature "barely endurable to look at" but of "wonderful shamelessness." Hamsun is meditating a drama about her, a drama of sin invested with all the crepuscular splendors of the Middle Ages. Thinking about it he comes to the inn where he sees the sordidly realistic drama of the fat landlady who sins on her domestic altar "under the Christ in oleograph," her husband, an amused and mercenary wittal, taking it all in. And that overwhelmingly sordid episode in real life blows away all the splendor of his medieval drama, and brings it down pitifully into the mud. But our censor evidently prefers the romantic treatment of such themes. He lets the "magnificently fanatical harlot" remain, and rules out the fat landlady. This seems very moral!

Who inspired these excisions it would be interesting to conjecture. Did Mr. Sumner suggest it? Did Mr. Knopf consent without warning the purchasers of the sixth and subsequent printings that they were not getting what earlier purchasers had got for their money? Or did the book censor itself? Whoever censored "Hunger," in the sixth printing, the fact remains that the book has been censored. Of course, readers who have the energy, or the linguistic knowledge, may still get the original Smithers and Company edition at the New York Public Library, or procure it, uncensored, in any one of a score of languages other than the American. The Knopf edition, however, has been considerably spoiled.

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International Relations Section

Upper Silesia

THE *Contemporary Review* (London) for July prints a series of documents setting forth the Polish, German, and French points of view with regard to Upper Silesia after the imposition of martial law in that district by the Inter-Allied Commission on May 3.

The speech of the Polish Premier, M. Witos, in which the attitude of Poland is shown, follows:

The British Prime Minister delivered a speech in the House of Commons on May 13 concerning the Upper Silesian question. This speech has deeply grieved the Polish nation, and has evoked a feeling of profound uneasiness as well as of indignation. The British Prime Minister denies the Polish character of Upper Silesia, and considers that the Polish population, which has been living there for centuries, consists merely of immigrants and that the German population there is indigenous. Moreover, he imputes to us an inclination to violate the Treaty of Versailles, and reminds Poland, in a manner which we must describe as inconsistent with the usual forms of international intercourse, that she has received the gift of freedom from Italy, England, and France, whose soldiers shed their blood for her, while the Poles themselves were fighting in the ranks of their enemies against their own interests. The British Prime Minister represents the spontaneous rising of the Upper Silesian people as a treacherous attack on the peaceful and unarmed German population. Finally, he indicates in unequivocal terms that he would be in no way opposed to the Germans marching into Upper Silesia in order to reestablish order.

It would be useless to argue in the Polish Diet against the view that we have no historic claim to Upper Silesia. I merely recall the fact that barely two centuries ago Frederic II of Prussia, an ancestor of the Emperor William II, annexed Upper Silesia by force, after a victory over Austria which had obtained by right of succession this Polish province together with Bohemia. But Poland does not base her claim to Upper Silesia exclusively on what Mr. Lloyd George has chosen to style "obsolete rights." The irrepressible spirit of the Polish nation, which has inhabited Upper Silesia for ages, and the right of self-determination, which has been accepted as a fundamental law by the authors of the Treaty of Versailles, constitute the principal legal basis of our claim to this province. I must state with the greatest emphasis that Mr. Lloyd George is committing a serious error if he considers the population, which has voted in favor of Poland, as mere immigrants who have only recently come to Upper Silesia in order to work in the mines or elsewhere. This error is the more difficult to explain as it is not even based on information supplied by our most implacable enemies, for not even the Germans, in their publications, have hitherto ventured to assert that the Polish population of Upper Silesia, which, despite its separation from the Mother Country during so many centuries, has never renounced its native language and its attachment to Poland, consists merely of immigrants or, in other words, of mere interlopers who have invaded Upper Silesian soil. . . .

I wish also to recall to you the views expressed by the representatives of the Great Powers, with the Right Hon. David Lloyd George among them, in reply to certain German allegations. These views were put forward on June 16, 1919, that is to say, at the very time when the original plan of assigning Upper Silesia to Poland without a plebiscite was being revised. The passage, concerning Upper Silesia, contains the following statement made by the Allies:

"We admit that the objection might be raised that from a legal point of view we have no right to allot Upper Silesia to her (i.e., to Poland). But we must declare with all emphasis that it is wrong to state that she (i.e., Poland) is not in possession of those rights which may be claimed in accordance with the principles laid down by President Wilson. Every German publication dealing with this subject, and every German school book, by which German children are instructed, recognizes the fact that the inhabitants of Upper Silesia are Poles and that their native language is Polish. The Allied and Associated Powers would have violated those very principles to which the German Government has given its assent, if they had not taken due account of the rights of Poland to Upper Silesia."

Such were the views concerning Upper Silesia, held by the Allied Powers, and consequently also by Great Britain, in 1919. The attitude adopted by Mr. Lloyd George in his latest speech is in open contradiction to the above declaration.

The Polish character of Upper Silesia has been proved beyond all doubt by the returns of the census carried out by the German authorities, who certainly were not partial to the Poles; the returns of the census for 1910 contain the following figures concerning Upper Silesia: 1,285,000 Poles, and 889,000 Germans. The result of the census for 1911 was even more favorable for the Poles, inasmuch as 1,548,000 Poles and 558,000 Germans were registered in that province. These figures are eloquent.

We base our claim to Upper Silesia on the Treaty of Versailles which we have signed jointly with the other Allied and Associated Powers, and which has been ratified by this Diet. We base our claim on the result of the plebiscite which the treaty has provided for. Our sole demand is that the results of the plebiscite be taken into account in accordance with justice and in conformity with the letter and spirit of the treaty. In my opinion, it is not contrary to the treaty, which a priori provides for a partition of Upper Silesia between Germany and Poland and prescribes that the result of the vote be determined by communes according to the majority of votes in each commune, when we join with the population of the country in maintaining that the portion of Upper Silesia which borders on Poland and in which a majority of communes have voted Polish and only a minority of communes have voted German should be united to Poland. The proportion of votes given in favor of Germany and Poland, which according to Mr. Lloyd George is six to four, assumes a wholly different aspect in this part of the country where the proportion is three to one in favor of Poland. Mr. Lloyd George commits an error if he accuses the population of this part of Upper Silesia of having endeavored to create a *fait accompli*. It was simply an act of despair on the part of the population which understood that its will was not being respected, and that it was to be once more subjected to German domination. I repeat, the population was driven to despair.

A week ago I had the honor of expounding the views of the Government on this subject before the Diet; I stated then that the Government are opposed to any attempt on the part of the population of Upper Silesia to assert its rights by means of an armed rising; I stated that the Polish Government are doing all in their power to pacify the population with a view to putting an end to the insurrection, and that they had taken steps to prevent any cooperation with the insurgents. On the other hand, the Polish Government have endeavored by every means at their disposal to induce the leaders of the insurrection to discontinue their action. Naturally the Polish Government could bring no other pressure to bear upon the insurgents than that of persuasion and moral influence, as the Government's jurisdiction does not extend over territories which do not, as yet, belong to Poland. The result of the Government's action is already apparent; the general strike has ceased, the workmen for the most part have returned to their occupations, the various detachments of insurgents have been instructed by their leaders to retire in order to avoid an armed conflict with the

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German forces. In some districts peace has been nearly restored. We have reason to believe that the insurrection could be speedily brought to an end if the insurgents were not in fear of an attack from the Germans who are assembling their forces on the line of the Oder. Mr. Lloyd George's speech has not had a pacific influence; on the contrary, it has had the effect of augmenting the fear of German aggression, it has tended to complicate the situation, and it has rendered the position of the Polish Government more difficult. . . .

There is no ground whatever for accusing the Polish Government of having declined all responsibility, while they were unofficially supporting the movement. On the other hand, nobody can be astonished if public opinion in Poland does not remain indifferent with regard to our countrymen who are risking their lives in order to achieve their union with Poland. The Government is quite incapable of preventing such manifestations of popular sentiment. Nevertheless, the measures taken by the Government on the frontier of Upper Silesia have frustrated all attempts to support the insurgents in any material sense. The Government's task is, however, rendered more difficult by the fact that the population is aware of the open support which, from the very outset and without any restraint, has been given by the Reich to the German detachments operating in Upper Silesia. Detachments of volunteers are being organized quite openly in the towns of Germany. The German newspapers announce that detachments of regulars, belonging to the Reichswehr, are being dispatched, and these detachments have already been identified in Upper Silesia. Arms and munitions are being transported thither in large quantities. All this can be easily ascertained, but Mr. Lloyd George does not mention these facts; he merely deplores the fate of the unhappy Germans who have no means of defending themselves. Is this impartiality and justice? . . .

Mr. Lloyd George has stated that, whereas Germany is disarming obedient to the wish of the Allies and now has no more means of defending herself, Poland has declared that she will fight and even put the Treaty of Versailles at defiance. Poland knows that she owes her independence to this treaty, and that it is only if its clauses are carried out in the letter that the portion of Upper Silesia where the population by majority of votes in communes has declared itself in favor of Poland can be restored to her.

Mr. Lloyd George has also mentioned the question of Vilna. He has informed us in his speech that Vilna has been allotted to Lithuania. The Polish Government are ignorant of the existence of an agreement between the Governments of France, England, Italy, and the United States assigning Vilna to Lithuania. There must be some misunderstanding, for I cannot for a moment believe that a question which is vital to Poland, since it concerns an essential element in her national existence, can have been decided behind her back, a proceeding which would be a repetition of the secret methods of pre-war diplomacy. We demand that with regard to us the principles of impartiality, law, and justice be observed.

If Mr. Lloyd George in the final passage of his speech meant to indicate that Germany would be authorized to intervene militarily in Upper Silesia, we can only state that such an intervention would be contrary to the Treaty of Versailles, which does not admit of Upper Silesia being regarded as a German province, and provides that pending the solution of the Upper Silesian question order shall be maintained by the Inter-Allied Commission and troops. The Polish Government have just been assured by the French Government that the latter will not permit the Upper Silesian question to be decided otherwise than on the ground of the Versailles Treaty and the results of the plebiscite, and that the French Government will not permit armed German detachments or transport of ammunition from Germany to cross the frontier of Upper Silesia. . . .

I end by stating once more that the Polish Government adheres to the Versailles Treaty, desires its strict application, and will uphold this point of view. The Polish Government is convinced that the signatories of the treaty, Great Britain included, will not permit any action on the part of Germany which would infringe the stipulations of the treaty, and thus imperil the foundations upon which the peace of Europe is based, a peace acquired at the price of such great difficulties and sacrifices.

On May 8, Korfanty, the leader of the Polish insurgents, issued a proclamation the text of which is given below:

The Polish Republican Government has recalled me from the post of chief Plebiscite Commissioner because I could not quell the insurrection in Upper Silesia. Personally, I did my utmost to prevent this danger of anarchy and disturbance of public order. Nevertheless, when the proposal of the Inter-Allied Commission in Oppeln on the question of dividing Upper Silesia came to the knowledge of the people—especially the workers and peasants who for centuries have been victimized and oppressed by the Prussians and Germans—they were consumed with utter despair at the thought that they were again to be subject to the Prussian-German yoke. The people, who were determined in their attitude, obtained information of the report and proposals of the Inter-Allied Commission at Oppeln on Sunday, May 1, at 4 p. m., and on Monday morning, quite independently, they declared a general strike. Every mine and foundry was closed down, 300,000 workmen were on strike, and the peasantry joined them. Twenty-four hours after they had received the information that the proposals on the question of dividing Upper Silesia between Poland and Germany only considered about 35 per cent of the votes in favor of a union with Poland, the people quite independently seized the arms with which they had been provided by the Germans. They had procured arms for very little money from secret German organizations, and within twelve hours they occupied the districts of Pszczyna, Rybnik, Katowice, Bytom, Tarnowskie, Góry, Gliwice, Zabrze, parts of Racibor and Koziel, and this huge mass of insurgents did not stop even there, but they advanced further toward the west.

To insure that this insurrection of enthusiasts should not relapse into anarchy through the agency of criminal individuals, and at the request of the workmen and peasants, I placed myself at the head of the rising to direct it on orderly lines, in order to prevent murder, pillage, and robbery, to restore order, and to restore life to its normal course. Nevertheless, I can testify to the fact that these people, who have now taken up arms against the Germans for the third time during the last two years, will never more come under Prussian rule. And I know these people, for I am one of themselves, and during the last twenty years I have fought side by side with them for justice and freedom. I can swear to it that these people have quite made up their minds that they would sooner the Allied army wiped them out to the last man than that they should again put their necks under the German yoke. These people would destroy all the mines and foundries, as well as all other workshops, rather than have to capitulate. In the interest of the people and economic life of Europe, as well as to prevent the above-named calamities, I entreat for a decision on Upper Silesia in accordance with the desires of the Polish people in Upper Silesia who have expressed themselves so unmistakably.

In the interest of peace and for the sake of the people I beg for an immediate demarcation of the frontier.

KORFANTY

The German Socialist daily *Vorwärts* (Berlin) published on May 7 the German Government's note of May 5 to the Allies on the Silesian question.

The greater part of Upper Silesia is today in the hands of Polish gangs. The peaceable inhabitants are being terrorized in a most serious manner. Murders and kidnappings are increasing. Work in the mines and foundries is prevented by violence. The destruction of these most valuable centers of production is to be feared. Korfanty has assumed the position of supreme head of the administration, appoints military and

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civil officers, and pronounces death sentences. The Polish gangs are heavily armed and organized as military forces for the undertaking, which is spreading in a methodical and warlike manner over the whole district. The peaceful inhabitants have hitherto maintained exemplary calm under these circumstances. In accordance with the Peace of Versailles the district has been intrusted to the Inter-Allied Commission for purposes of administration. It is occupied by troops of the Allied Powers. The Commission has been able neither to prevent the movement, which has clearly been prepared for a long time, nor to oppose the rising effectively with their armed forces. The German Government has repeatedly protested against the interpretation of the self-control of the great majority of the people as a sign that they are accepting quietly the violent tyranny of the Polish gangs, and against consideration of the present position in reaching a decision regarding Upper Silesia. The population is entitled to demand that the Allied Governments, conscious of their serious responsibilities, should immediately so reinforce the occupying troops that the rising may be speedily suppressed and order be restored in the land. The German Government supports this demand most emphatically, and asks for a declaration from the . . . . Government whether it intends, in conjunction with the other Governments concerned, to send the necessary military forces for the restoration of order. The German Government is willing to facilitate an energetic and speedy intervention of the forces of the Allies, and to give them every support that they may desire. The German Government needs such a declaration in order to decide whether measures are necessary on the part of Germany to protect the Upper Silesian population, which measures are vigorously demanded by the German people. The German Government trusts that the Allied Powers will carry out the task laid upon them by the peace treaty to the fullest extent, as their authorized representatives have announced to the people. . . .

The French Government replied as follows:

SIR: I have the honor of acknowledging your letter of May 6, in which you were so good as to inform me of the serious disturbances which have arisen in Upper Silesia, to inquire whether the Inter-Allied troops were capable of restoring order, and to acquaint me with the fact that the German Government was prepared to give any help that might be desired. I have the honor of informing you that the reports coming from German sources give a tendencious [*sic*] account of the events, none the less regrettable, which have occurred in part of the Upper Silesian prebiscite area. The cause of the disturbances is without doubt to be found in the reports issued from a German source which stated incorrectly that the Allies had decided to allot to Germany the greater part of the industrial and mining area. This false report caused the outbreak of the insurgents' rebellion. In any case, the Inter-Allied Commission, which has been intrusted with the administration of the plebiscite area, is unanimously agreed in taking the most energetic steps with a view to the prompt restoration of order and of the security of the inhabitants of all nationalities living in the plebiscite area. The Allied troops have fully performed their duty. Reports now arriving show a material improvement in the position in the most important centers of the mining district. The Inter-Allied Commission has given orders for the necessary measure of recruiting locally in order to fill up the gaps in the police force caused through the withdrawal of the Polish contingent. In this way it has given the population the reassurance desired. There can be no question of any assistance whatever to be given to the Inter-Allied Commission from outside Upper Silesia. . . .

(Signed) BRIAND

A week later, May 14, brought the German response. The note was printed the next day in the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

The [French] Premier thinks it right to attribute the origin of the rising, in his note of May 7, to a false German newspaper report. It must be stated, on the contrary, that the paper in question was the *Upper Silesian Frontier Gazette*, the organ of Korfanty, hitherto Polish Plebiscite Commissioner. This intentionally false report was clearly intended to serve as the signal for the outbreak of the Polish rising, which had long been prepared. Consequently the note starts from an erroneous assumption, as indeed even General Le Rond has acknowledged to the German plenipotentiary in Oppeln. The note also states that reports from German sources on the position in Upper Silesia are of a tendencious nature. The German Government must state emphatically, on the contrary, that the actual conditions in Upper Silesia are of a far more serious character than was represented in the note of May 7. In spite of the resumption of work in some places it cannot be ascertained that the position is in any way improved. The leader of the insurgents, Korfanty, is still master of the situation and is succeeding in daily extending the sphere of his authority. Thus on May 10 even the important railway junction, Kandrzin, fell into his hands through an attack conducted with modern instruments of warfare and the use of artillery. In the greater part of Upper Silesia the Inter-Allied Commission is powerless. The serious accusations contained in the note are, therefore, wholly unfounded, as has already been expressly acknowledged by General Le Rond.

On May 19, the French Government replied.

Berlin, May 19, 1921

YOUR EXCELLENCY: Yesterday your Excellency informed me of the measures taken by the Ministry of Defense in order to prevent the formation of volunteer corps, and of the orders given by the Ministry of Transport to prohibit all transport of volunteers and arms to Upper Silesia. According to information which I have received these measures have been taken too late to prevent the entry of considerable armed bands from outside Upper Silesia. The volunteer corps in the neighborhood of Kreuzburg, under the command of Von Arnim, is said to number more than 8,000 men. It is also stated that the volunteer corps Von Aulock is near Oppeln, and the volunteer corps Schmidt near Krappitz. The Ratibor group, which publishes a daily bulletin, is said to dispose of 9,000 men and several guns.

The first measure urgently required in this situation is the strict closing of the frontier between German territory and the plebiscite area by the German authorities. The Polish Government has already acceded to a similar demand addressed to it.

Secondly, I should be grateful to your Excellency if you would instruct the proper authorities to facilitate the task of the Inter-Allied Commission in the provision of food.

Finally, I must repeat my demand that the Imperial Bank be required to send the funds necessary for the payment of the workers to Upper Silesia without delay. According to statements made to this Embassy yesterday evening by the attachés Richard Meyer and Von Moltke, such transmission of funds is made dependent on the twofold conditions that the Commission should make itself financially responsible for the payments, and that these should be confined to certain works which, in the opinion of the German representatives, are outside the control of the insurgents. The claim is incompatible with the letter and spirit of the treaty, according to which the Governing Commission, as representing the Allied Powers, bears the entire responsibility for the maintenance of order. Under these circumstances the German Government is required to trust to the Commission to safeguard the distribution of the funds according to its own judgment. Should the overdue wages be further withheld, the German Government could hardly escape the reproach of making the general resumption of work impossible and prolonging the anarchy which the Commission is endeavoring to suppress.

While I call your Excellency's attention to these various points on behalf of my Government, I do not doubt that you will examine them in that conciliatory spirit which guides your

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policy, and with the desire to assist in eradicating a cause of unrest which is peculiarly menacing to the general peace.

Permit me, your Excellency, to express my great respect,

(Signed) CHARLES LAURENT

The *Berliner Tageblatt* published the note of that date from the German Government, rounding out the statement of Germany's position.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: In your Note, No. 143, of May 19, your Excellency has communicated to me the views of the French Government on certain questions affecting Upper Silesia. I am glad to take the opportunity of an exhaustive discussion with the accredited representatives of the Governments concerned of the possible methods of extinguishing the conflagration in Upper Silesia, the continuation of which, as your Excellency rightly states, must be a most serious menace to the general peace.

Your Excellency has observed from the measures adopted by the German Government that it does not tolerate the formation of volunteer corps on German territory, nor the passage from German unoccupied territory to the occupied area.

The self-defense which the people of Upper Silesia have been compelled to provide among themselves when their lives and property were seriously endangered and they lacked all protection from the French troops, and when they were rightly defending themselves against the Polish insurgents, is an entirely different matter. The German Government has no influence whatever upon this self-defense, created by cooperation of the population in territory which is subject to the administration of the Inter-Allied Commission. But besides the instructions already announced the German Government has given orders that the emergency corps, placed on the German side to guard the frontier shall be considerably reinforced.

Your Excellency mentions that the Polish Government has acceded to the demand to close their frontier. In this connection I have the honor to state that, though the Polish Government may have issued an order, the frontier is actually quite open, and that every day Polish soldiers are crossing and munitions and supplies of all kinds are being sent to the insurgents. From the mass of material available I mention only one incident which occurred during the last day or two: In the Department of Kreuzburg, still under the control of the Inter-Allied Commission, 250 to 300 Poles crossed the frontier in the night of May 19-20 and attacked Kostan. Here, too, the local organization for self-protection had to intervene to defend the lives of peaceful Upper Silesian citizens. They were able to repulse the attacks only with serious losses, after the invading Poles had set fire to a farm in the village of Kostan.

I am glad to agree with your Excellency's statement that the Inter-Allied Commission is alone responsible for the preservation of peace and order in Upper Silesia. The anarchy mentioned in the note, which has prevailed for three weeks in Upper Silesia, is indeed in sharp contrast to the condition in which the President of the Inter-Allied Commission took over the administration of the flourishing province in February of last year. The restoration of peace is not, as implied in the note, a question of the resumption of work. For the rising in question is not of an economic character, but solely political. The Polish rising aims at the forcible oppression of the Upper Silesian people, involving the violation of the terms of the peace treaty and the mockery of all sense of justice. The sufferings inflicted on the unhappy inhabitants by the refined cruelty of the gangs pass description. From among the large number of unexampled incidents we will only recall here the ill-treatment of the two engineers, Winkler and Tebbe, in Friedenshütte; they were laid across a horse in the drill hall and beaten with whips till they lost consciousness, were then repeatedly recalled to consciousness by stimulants, and then beaten again, so that they are now lying past hope of recovery.

The German Government is continually endeavoring to find means to mitigate the indescribable sufferings of the Upper Silesian people. It agrees with your Excellency in being ready and willing, in principle, to improve the position by sending food by any practical method. But all concerned, even the districts in Upper Silesia directly affected, are agreed that it is actually impossible to guarantee that money or food will reach those really entitled to receive them and will not be exposed to seizure by the insurgents. A few kilometers beyond Oppeln the President of the Inter-Allied Commission has no authority whatever, and is not in a position to give effect to any guaranties he may give. Nor have the permits issued by him any further authority with the insurgents, who are partially beginning to dissolve into independent, uncontrolled gangs. This was proved, for instance, by the example of the journey of the workers' deputation from Kattowitz, invited to Oppeln by General Le Rond. In spite of the efforts of the French District Governor, Major Saleron, they were at first not allowed by the Poles to start on the journey at all. Major Saleron then asked personally for written permits from the Polish headquarters, but these were not recognized by the Polish sentries on the way, so that the deputation had to return. Even the permit written in Polish finally by the Polish District Councillor, Gornick, in Kattowitz, only sufficed as far as the first lines of sentries at Mikulschütz. After that the deputation had to make their way by negotiations from place to place, accompanied by Poles, till close to Oppeln. A further example of the complete helplessness of the Inter-Allied Commission and its organs is the fact that on the 14th instant the Polish insurgents held up the Rybnik transport train with some 700 refugees, although the Polish Commander had given a written promise of a free passage for the train, and although it was running under the military protection of three Allied officers and fifty French soldiers. All the refugees, even women, children, and old men, were carried off, and four persons were shot on the road in the forest, near Tarnowitz, after cruel ill-treatment, without any provocation; these included the fourteen-year-old schoolbody, Haase, from Rybnik.

Your Excellency will learn from the facts stated in this note that the German Government is ready to do everything to improve the situation in Upper Silesia, in so far as actual conditions do not render this impossible. The German Government will not abandon the hope that the efforts of the Inter-Allied Commission at last to find means to restore lawful authority in Upper Silesia, and to free the people from the yoke of the Polish insurgents, may be successful.

I avail myself of this opportunity, also, to assure your Excellency once more of my great respect.

(Signed) DR. WIRTH

[Desultory fighting between Korfanty's forces and the more or less organized German troops continued through this period. On May 28 an "armistice" was concluded by the efforts of the Inter-Allied Commission. The arrival of six battalions of British troops—previously the British had been represented only by officers—helped to clear the atmosphere. The armistice did not become a reality for another fortnight, until after a series of vigorous actions had brought the British into occupation of a neutral zone separating the Polish insurgents from the Germans. General Hoefer, in command of the German forces, at first flatly refused to obey the Allied order to evacuate, but when his own Government disavowed him he yielded. By the middle of June Silesia had achieved a relative peace. The French, however, insisted that to secure peace in Upper Silesia further reinforcements were necessary, and asked the German Government to facilitate passage of these troops. The German Government replied asking whether this was a joint demand of all the Allies; the peace treaty required it to obey only such a joint request. This led to further inter-Allied discussions, the result being British acceptance in principle of an inter-Allied demand, the demand to be made by the Supreme Council meeting at Paris in early August. The Supreme Council was likewise to give a decision upon the territorial question.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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